

# The Ame

*P H E N O*

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Waiting.

BY MARY C. CURRAN.

Waiting for the inspiration,  
That will wake the sweet vibration  
Of the slumb'ring chords;  
Waiting for the entrancing measure  
That shall flood the soul with pleasure,  
Like an angel's song.

Waiting for the artists power  
That shall come in some glad hour  
To this untaught hand;  
To transfix and give expression,  
To the soul's deep intuition  
Held in silence long.

Waiting for the inner vision,  
That shall reach the Home Elysian  
Where our loved ones dwell;  
Till instead of doubts distressing,  
We shall feel the fond caressing  
Of their loving hands.

They will come and guard our pathway  
Even through the shadowy gateway  
To the bright Beyond;  
Where the songs of the immortals,  
Greet us, in the star-gemmed portals  
Of the Better Land.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Synopsis of the Lectures by Thomas Gales Forster,  
at Apollo Hall.

MORNING LECTURE.

1 John, IV., 8. For God is Love; or What is Life?

Past ethical and religious systems, said Mr. F., have been exceedingly unjust in their estimate of man as a race. Man, according to present and past theological teachings, is a worm, religiously fit for nothing—naturally fit only to be damned! Spiritualism, however, looking upon man as a creature of most important uses, and as a being of immortal destinies, has assigned him a much more elevated niche in the grand temple of existence—philosophically and legitimately deducing from its phenomena, that the human family is the last of a long series of steps in the material creation—indeed, is the ultimate in the realm of materialism; and in his spiritual nature is a prophecy of all that is to succeed his career in time—

"Vast chain of being, which from God began,  
Nature's ethereal, human, angel, man."

The best and most advanced writers upon the subject, said Mr. F., recognize the spiritual conception that man has been endowed with two primary faculties of reception—the will and the understanding—or love and intellect. That these constitute what is called mind, and that all mental phenomena are referable to these two grand divisions. To be more definite—the will of man, which includes his entire love-nature, with all its desires and emotions, is recognized as the inner or real man while the understanding is but the channel through which the inmost nature manifests itself, and acts. It will be recollected that he stated in his discourse of last Sunday morning, that the terms Infinite Love and Infinite Wisdom, bound and terminate all finite conception of that Infinite Principle or Being, whom we call God, and know no more. It is therefore, legitimate to declare that, God, being Infinite, He is in some sense *all* ! That all knowledge, all power and all life are necessarily His, and only derivatively expressed throughout all the myriad phases of being clasped under one head of individual existence ! Hence the nucleus of every human soul must, of necessity, be a germ of the Divine nature, outworking itself, more or less happily, proportioned to the organic or cultured conditions of the material channel through which it necessarily acts.

The unsolved mystery of the Ages, said Mr. F., it will be perceived, is involved in the generalities thus expressed. Most reasoners upon this question have failed to give a satisfactory solution of the same, because they have invariably fallen into an error fatal to all their theories—they have taken *effects* for *causes*. After enumerating at some length the various theories as to what constitutes life, that from time to time, have received more or less of credence, Mr. F. asserted that, a more spiritual conception of the Past, superinduced through the facts and philosophy of Spiritualism, and an increasing appreciation of the inspiration of the present, are unitedly declaring that, *Love* is the *life* of man ! He adverted with much preciseness to recent able disquisitions upon this subject, as well as the direct spiritual teachings in regard to the same—all of which tended to the conclusion that Love is the animating Principle of all thought, sensation and action ! God is Love, said the Apostle ! All nature declares the same great truth ! The human soul is an emanation from God—hence, the inmost life of each and every soul is Love ! Indeed, said the speaker, Love, in its myriad phases—whether of harmony, misdirection, or excess—is the only animating principle in the universe ! Wherever

## Persons and Principles.

BY MRS. H. F. M. BROWN.

E. V. Wilson has interviewed Emma Hardinge Britten. She assures him that a progressive war is to be inaugurated "under the direction and advice of spiritual intelligences." For this new angel movement let us give thanks. I am ready to hail with hosannas, any word, work, or worker, that will in any way give life, light or strength to souls adrift. I am ready to push with the new party, or to stand aside with the rejected.

I trust that none of us poor associationists, will ever attempt to throw back the stones and tufts of grass that have well nigh brought us to the ground. And if in the course of human events, it so happen that a member of the new association in any way departs from old paths, let us not violate the principles of our faith by crying "stand aside," or "unclean." It is wise to remember "God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform." Mrs. Hardinge Britten has a vast amount of will, zeal, and energy; with these powers she may work wonders, I remember years ago the work she begun in behalf of "fallen women."

Her faith, hope and charity, convinced us all of her divine calling. May she not, by angel aid, help those who are trying hard *not* to fall? The weak, blind, ignorant, need open eyes, strong hands, true hearts. We hope the needed helpers will join Mrs. Britten in her enterprise, and that the new institution will be broad enough to take in all castes, classes and creeds; deep enough to reach the foundations of hell; high enough to take in the throes of the church.

The American Association arrived at something of this sort. but I am sorry to say, we have as yet done but little of the needed work. The main work on Educational institutions has advanced very slowly. But we may, in our way, do something yet worthy the name we bear.

But while I rejoice in the prospect of a movement that promises the collecting and holding those who ignore our work, I am deeply pained by the threats and stabs at reputations. It ill-becomes us, who have struggled against wind and tide—who have been charged with all manner of evil doings—when fair names have been blackened by friends at home, and by foes abroad, to defame woman, especially one who has come up through great tribulation; whose robes have been whitened by sorrow—tears; a woman who like some others, has passed through the furnace of domestic affliction; a woman who has craved, again and again, the sweet shelter of the grave. I mean Victoria Woodhull, and if she is all that her traducers claim that she is, is it for us Spiritualists to damn without mercy a woman who is struggling for a foothold upon God's green earth?

Suppose I do not endorse Mrs. Woodhull's faith; what of it? She may not accept my hobbies, but she has no right, human or divine, to throw foul water upon the robes I wear, nor I upon hers?

Dr. Bailey, Mrs. Hardinge, E. V. Wilson and Hudson Tuttle, are all mediums, all, very likely, commissioned by high Heaven to feed the famishing world. Why may they not go their way, do the work given into their hands to do, and not stop to weigh, measure, judge, and condemn another worker, claiming, like themselves, to be angel-sent to do a certain other work.

In this personal contest we are overlooking principles that are as vital as heart's blood.

The I-am-worthier-than-thou spirit, is not in harmony with angel teachings. Let us all, henceforth and evermore, cease denouncing person, and begin the battle for principle.

## Make a Choice.

BY M. D. MERRIAM.

"Choose ye this day whom ye will serve. Ye cannot serve two masters."

We often meet medium-church-members. They attend circles occasionally, writing, or exhibiting other spirit manifestations. The messages given are foreign to their own ideas. They enjoy the interviews and long for many hours of the same to receive heavenly love, kind admonition, and wise counsel. Sabbath comes, finding these "almost persuaded" ones filling their accustomed places in churches where everything of the kind is either ignored, or denounced as utterly false or Satanic. O, ye church members! Ye who took the vows of self-consecration to truth, with these words upon your lips: "He who confesseth me before men, him will my Father confess before the angels in heaven." How much is it to confess Christ with a goodly company who will call you infidel if you do not?

Would Peter have denied his Master if the "pretty damsel" and those who were with her had been Jesus' friends? Blame not poor Peter! There are many in his condition to-day; but the result of their condemnation is not known.

And are ye honest one with another? Is it right to let your pastor remain in ignorance on the subject? He, for whom prayers are offered that his lips may be touched with heavenly fire. Perchance he may know something of the matter. He says: "What will my people say? O, God forgive me! I shall lose my place, and my family will suffer!"

"Choose ye this day whom ye will serve."

If there are ministering spirits—if ye have had messages from the bright beyond—be true to the light; if you think the church is right, uphold it with heart and soul, even with a Romanist's zeal; but if otherwise proven, keep thy honor as a Christian before the eyes of "a wicked and perverse generation."

LAWRENCE, MASS.

Zion's Herald says of Rev. Dr. Justin D. Fulton (the "Harlequin" of Tremont Temple, Boston), "that no bolder or more faithful preacher of the gospel exists in the land."

## ALISM.

[CONTINUED.]

*Socrates.*

God of my fathers, shield me! Who and whence  
Art thou, that on my lonely meditation  
Stealest like a spirit? Ah, thy eyes are kindling  
With a radiance not of earth, and thy swift step  
Is silent as the snowfall. Beautiful presence,  
If thou be more or less than mortal, speak,  
I do adjure thee.

*Genius.*

Mark my answer well.

From Jove I come. I am thy guardian Genius,  
One of the Olympian Angels who go forth  
With high command to educate men's souls  
For an immortal Glory. Such the charge  
That from the Gods I did receive o'er thee,  
Even from thy cradle have I dwelt within  
Thy spirit like Divine vitality,  
And made thy echoing conscience resonant  
With Holy admonitions. Socrates,  
Thou hast obeyed me well; and, therefore, now,  
In sensible apparition I appear  
Before thee, to instruct thee what thou art,  
And what thou shalt become.

*Socrates.*

Wonderful spirit  
Of Love and Wisdom. Then it was no dream  
That some supernal watcher compassed me  
With his mysterious breathings. 'Twas thy voice  
That harmonized the silence with the deep  
Soul-thrilling symphonies of truth;—thy words  
That vibrated along the chords of thought,  
Making me start and tremble.

*Genius.*

Yes, 'twas I,

Hast thou not marked a sudden flashing of light  
Glance o'er thee when thy weary eyelids slept?  
Oh, the tears they shed! Hast thou not caught the traces  
Of future scenes in tranced anticipation?  
And when those scenes came in reality,  
Felt sure that thou hast traversed them before  
By past familiarity prepared  
To act aright through all their changes! When  
Thou hast hesitated on the verge of action  
Hast thou not heard a voice cry—Socrates!  
Do this, or do it not? Hast thou not found  
A kind of conscious impotence gain on thee  
While planning some misdeed of vice?

*Socrates.*

I have;

And when long intricate subtleties have wound  
My harrassed soul almost to the point of madness  
With jarring doubts, was it not unto thee  
I've owed the dawning of some radiant star  
Of truth within me, which, like Hesperus,  
Smoothed the vexed waves of strife.

*Genius.*

All this, and more,

Have I wrought in thee; for I longed to make thee  
A blessing to thy country and thy kind:  
And now before this altar, which the citizens  
Raised to the God that stayed the plague at Athens,  
Come I to show thee, more than is revealed  
To other men.

*Socrates.*

Celestial Genius, speak!

My soul shall hear.

*Genius.*

List the command of Jove!

If thou obeyest my guidance, thou shalt be  
Hailed as the wisest of the wise at Greece;  
Thou likewise shalt diffuse thy wisdom freely,  
Without all grudging, unto all who seek thee;  
And in thy daily life's reality  
Be all the God-like, and eternal bliss  
Shall ripen in thy heart,—Divinity  
Itself shall so inspire thee, that thou too,  
Obedient to its impulse, shalt become  
Divine. But think not so my Socrates.  
To escape the teeth of envy—nay, the more  
Thy merits shall develope their rich fruits,  
The more the false, the base, the secular  
Will hate thee and detest thee. Thou must dare,  
And bear their malice bravely. They will call  
Thy piety profanation, and thy patriotism,  
Rebellion, and thy darling innocence  
The very vice of vices. They will bring thee  
Before the judges, and their unjust sentence  
Shall doom thee to the death. But death will give thee  
A life like mine, and in the spirits' world  
We will exult together—evermore.

*Socrates.*

Father of Gods and men! I come to adore  
Thy presence in this Temple, which the vows  
Of our first ancestors did consecrate  
To thee. These tempest-worn, time-shattered walls,

Circled thy altar immemorably,—

Ay, in the olden age, before the fanes  
Of Pallus or of Thesus yet were known.

There is more solace here,—at least for me,—

In this small solitary church, than in  
The gorgeous ceremonials of the priesthood  
That through the pillared Parthenon. My heart  
Is sick of spiritless formalities:

I want a God most absolute, essential,  
And universal—the spirit of all spirits,  
That, like my guardian genius, shall be felt  
Palpably working through the all-conscious soul.  
Of Him the endless Gods of Polytheism  
Are but reflections, made more intricate  
By wearing names—so many and so strange  
That memory groans beneath mythology.  
Would I were convinced!

*Crito.*

How now, my Socrates?—

What, in the name of all that's marvellous,  
Makes you so fond of solitude? You seem  
To spare no pains to illustrate the old saw,  
"Ne'er less alone than when alone." Your friends  
Have all been hunting for you. Not a corner  
Of Athens has escaped them.

*Socrates.*

Noble Crito,

I was not, as you think, in solitude:  
This ancient Temple was my company;  
And with it I was holding parley when  
You found me.

*Crito.*

Ay, just in the very middle

Of some elaborate soliloquy:  
You are the most determined moralizer,  
Sweet Socrates, that ever walked in Athens.

*Socrates.*

If I plead guilty, what's the penalty?

*Crito.*

That you will moralize less by yourself,  
And more among your friends. In faith, good people  
Are scarce enough, and we can't spare you, and  
'Twere pity that so many pleasant speeches  
Should be lost in the air, whose better home  
Were the memory of our young philosophers.

*Socrates.*

Crito, you were a friend—a friend of friends  
A real, honest, thorough-going friend—  
Worth a whole million of acquaintances!—  
How much I owe you! My true soul expands  
To thee, as doth a heliotrope unto  
The sunbeam. My heart warms and yearns toward thee  
When I was nothing—nothing but a bubble  
Of accidents—an unfledged artist, dabbling  
In poetry and sculpture—unadmired,  
Untutored, and unaided.—Crito! you  
Were the first to read me truly. You discovered  
A something which distinguished Socrates  
From other men. That something had been lost  
In the sea of Casualty; but, like a pilot,  
You rescued me, broken by the jarring storms  
Of pitiless fortune. Your experienced hand  
Guided my drifting, shattered bark to port—  
You patronized me! May the Gods bless thee!  
Most nobly, generously patronized me,  
Just when the mob of sophists cast me off.  
To thee springs my best gratitude. Who else  
Gave me the means to emancipate Heaven's truth  
From the clouds of reeking ignorance?—who else  
Brought me in contact with the noble few  
Whose spirits sit enthroned 'mid serene airs  
Of Divine Wisdom—unto whom the eyes  
And hearts of men turn wistfully, as if  
They recognized the visible incarnation  
Of demi-gods.

*Crito.*

No more: your compliments

Are undeserved, my Socrates. Believe me,  
In honest faith, 'twas something little better  
Than selfishness that made me cherish thee;  
I knew that I could make you that which should be  
A blessing to myself, and to the state  
Of Athens. Was it interest or virtue  
Led me to choose you?

*Socrates.*

Interest, dearest Crito,

When true, is one with virtue—virtue is  
None other than our truest interest!  
Don't undervalue your good self, nor satirize  
The deeds that win my love.—Now I must go  
To visit Academus.

So, then, the Oracle has just pronounced me  
The very wisest of the men of Greece,  
Alas, dear Oracle! if thou art right,  
In this thy flattering sentence—if it be true,  
That I, poor, simple, erring, Socrates,  
Excel all men in wisdom—then all men  
Must be profounder fools than even I  
Did take them for. Oh! Athens, Greece of Greece!  
If Greece, even in her most philosophic days

In all her shores could count no more than seven  
Wise men, why then, the multitude of fools  
Must be infinite indeed. My heart is glad  
To find that there's one oracle at least  
That has discovered, wisdom's mystery  
Lies in humility,—that the height of knowledge  
Is to feel conscious ignorance—to know  
How little can be known—to know that we  
Know nothing as we ought—to know there is  
In God a knowledge divine and universal  
Whose scattered fragments striving mortals catch,  
Oh, how capriciously—how partially!—  
My heart is glad, and yet, 'tis melancholy!  
I see that this same oracle will rouse  
Even bitterer enmity and jealousy  
Among my many foes. Wherefore my foes,  
I scarcely can imagine. I have labored  
To speak them kindly, and to do them good,  
And yet they cannot, will not understand me.  
The more benevolence I feel—the more  
Benevolence I work, and the more the spleen  
Of their ill-boding sophistry boils over.  
'Tis the old spite of vice and folly leagued  
'Gainst philosophic virtue. Let it rage!—  
It ever has been so—ere Socrates  
Inhaled this attic air—and will be so  
When Socrates is dead.—Socrates dead!  
Ah—that word echoed strangely: it did seem  
Reverberated by a spirit round me!  
Is it not one of the innumerable  
Motions of my guardian genius?—I  
Will deem it so. With bright ethereal wings  
It circles me both when I wake and sleep,  
And it speaks, silence itself becomes  
Resonant to its conscience-thrilling voice,  
And my hushed listening instincts starts to hear.  
Socrates dead!—Ah! my prophetic soul!  
This is no dream:—Already am I shrouded  
In the shadows of what will be. But what then?  
Shall Socrates prove craven to his fate?—  
No, by the immortal gods! what must be, must;  
'Tis nought to me; my future course is clear  
Before me as the past! I will urge on  
My glorious destiny, through peace and war,  
Amid life's stirring scenes, with as much energy  
As if my death were as impossible  
As it is certain: I will play my part  
Well as I can, and let the gods play theirs—  
So be it—I am Socrates again!  
Vigor, like lightning, flashes through my nerves  
And fires my worn and broken heart. I'll be  
True to myself; and while I live, I'll live,  
In spite of my foes; and when I die, I'll die  
A death worth dying. Let them do their worst.  
Meantime I give my soul to search for truth,  
Concerning God and immortality,  
Among the Eleusinians: 'Tis as well  
To be initiated before my death,  
Come when it will. I'll see with my own eyes  
The initiative mysteries; I shall learn  
Some useful lessons; for all things to me  
Teem with instruction; and as little question,  
I shall perceive as much of sophistry  
And sensuous passion, veiled in holy forms,  
As in the outward world. Here comes the priest  
Of these same rites: I'll treat him warily;  
They are sly fellows all.

*Hierophant.*

Did Socrates

Send for the Eleusinian hierophant?

*Socrates.*

I did, grave senior! I, whose sum of life  
Is nothing better than the search for truth  
Makes it, would fain be a new candidate  
Of your initiations, and become  
Familiar with the mysteries esoteric  
And exoteric—both the major and the minor.

*Hierophant.*

And never was the Eleusinian badge  
Of Athens honored more than when the wisest  
Of all the Grecians seek an entrance there.

*Socrates.*

Nay, nay, no flattering compliments; they neither  
Become the giver nor the taker.

*Hierophant.*

Well,

When will you pass the three solemnities  
And the seven spheres of sacred doctrine which  
Our learned theopophists make necessary  
To all whose courage penetrates the shades  
Of immemorial mythology?

*Socrates.*

Now.

*Arch hierophant,*

I thank thee for that utterance; 'tis the echo  
Of my forgone conclusion; only cherished  
For many a year in silence and in worship:  
If there be one God, and God is one  
And all the gods but his theophanes,—  
Divine developments, as thou dost call them—  
Why not instruct the people in this creed?

## An Appeal for Organic Work.

BY DR. ROBERT T. HALLUCK.

\* \* \* \* The facts and philosophy of Spiritualism point unerringly to the duty of an earnest effort to establish human life upon the immutable principles which life alone reveals. Man, by authority of these, is a spiritual being, and, as such, is the subject of laws which dominate his every action. The world has not known this. Its usages rest upon an hypothesis directly the reverse. Its closest approximation to truth in this fundamental particular is that, man, by some inscrutable process, dependent upon the Divine pleasure, will at some unknown period in eternity become a spirit. But this half-way affirmation is shorn of most of its practicable value, by becoming coupled with the supposition that the life which it concedes is not natural, but *supernatural*; that is to say, it is not a man who is to enter upon another plane of existence, and then, as now, to be the subject of law; but an indefinite immateriality *within*, or somewhere *about*, or in some way connected with the man, which, no one knows when, is to be blown into consciousness, and receive its final award of unutterable happiness or misery through the lips of an irresponsible court of adjudication. This hypothesis severs the natural relation between the present and future state of being. It separates them by an impassable gulf; and of the latter, quoting Shakspeare for Scripture, it declares that from its bourne no traveler returns. It assumes a total disruption of the divine order manifest in all else. It is not immortality, or a continued existence, but a *new life*, a life subject to *will*, and not, as here, to *law*. In order to realize its highest promises, a man need have neither perception, reflection, nor judgment. He has only to profess his *belief* in what is taught him, by teachers whose whole course of instruction consists in telling him what they have themselves been told. Accepting this mere story of salvation, he is warranted safe. Safe, because some one has said that such is the "scheme of redemption," and some other one has believed the report and repeated it to somebody else and so on, with no other thought but to continue the repetition *ad infinitum*.

In this life we see that the man succeeds the child; and for all that is supposed to relate to maturity, childhood is made a state of preparation. But, by assuming the life beyond the body to be wholly different, there can be no rational preparation for it while in the body, and *there is none*. This is the prominent error we would overcome. Life stands revealed to us as a continuity. This is its childhood. Here it is to acquire the elementary rules—the fundamental principles which are never to fail it. And as in the common school, the boy counts his marbles by the same unflinching principle of numbers which, in his manhood, enables him to reckon his dollars, so have we learned that the principles which obtain in that maturer life which is beyond the grave, will also solve all the problems which belong to this. In fact, they furnish the *only means of solution*. It is this which gives to Spiritualism its broad significance and makes it practical in the world, and it is the vital object of such an organization as we are considering, to commend it to the world's most candid and serious attention.

It aims at the awakening of a supervision of humanity, which shall ante-date the birth of the individual; and, when born, shall invoke all the aid which physical science, united to a knowledge of spiritual law, can give for the *expression* of that individuality. Thus, in its educational aspect, it seeks to avoid and to correct a universally popular mistake. Institutional training is seen everywhere to stamp itself indelibly upon the pupil or subject. He may, and in many instances *does*, outgrow the institution, but its *scars* remain. Each sect strives to mold every individual into a likeness of itself; and, in so far as it succeeds, the world is deprived of the benefit of originality which naturally springs from freedom of thought. No sect advances beyond its founder. The world has the advantage of *his* inspiration, and is deprived of that of every other individual who is called by his name. Did they teach truth only, the mode is wasteful. But they do not, and to this waste of individuality is added the destructive tendency of error. From the days of Paul down to this hour, may be traced the iron grasp of institutionalism upon the human spirit. Under its fear, men hide the truth that they know, and dare not examine the evidence for that which they would gladly believe.

Our effort is for freedom from this yoke. Freedom, not only for such of us as belong to a generation that is fast passing away, but for the next, and for all the future. To this end, we desire to lay before the prospective parentage of the coming humanity, inducements derived from the facts and principles of physical and psychical science, which shall appeal to their reason and conscience, so as to arouse the dormant sense of responsibility on the part of parents in the production of offspring, which has slumbered throughout the ages. To cure the evil we must know its cause. The institutional religion of our land has a devil for the origin, and a creed, which sets both reason and justice at defiance for the cure. The responsibility of the subject is limited to an open profession of belief in it.

We hold that *parents* are a responsible, if not the primary cause of much of the misery which the world deplores, and not the devil of the church. We insist that parents with *devilish proclivities* should not produce offspring—that it is as much an outrage upon the inalienable rights of humanity to *create* a human being from mere animal provocation as it is to *kill* one. Either may occur through ignorance or recklessness; but the effect upon the subject and upon society is the same as if done from malice outright.

We aim at nobler souls through the instrumentality of purer

birth and a natural education—an education, which, at its basis, shall recognize all truth as divine; which, in its method, shall invite the pupil to glean its golden grains from every field that offers a reward for his labor; which shall aid him in reading the gospel of living fact, as well as "the gospel according to St. Matthew," which shall bid him welcome to the great storehouse of history, to the granary of modern experience and to daily manna from heaven, which shall leave him free to make Jesus' truth, and Paul's, and Luther's, and Calvin's, and Fox's, and Channing's, and Parker's incorporate with his own, for the purpose that he may be not a Christian—a Calvinist, a Quaker, or a Unitarian merely, but a *MAN*.

The world waits, Oh, how it waits! not for the coming Presbyterian, nor Methodist, nor sectarian of any type, but for *this coming Man*. It instinctively feels that it has enough of everything but manhood. It has land enough, water enough; institutions enough, and sects enough; gold and silver in abundance, and the fruits of the earth in profusion; but *is not happy*. It is awaiting a nobler humanity—the incarnation of its *ideal man*, with the sure intuition, that, at his magic touch *alone*, can abundance be transformed into happiness.

But its cherished institutions furnish no possible parentage. Everything brings forth after its kind. Only a man can beget a man. Childhood is incompetent, and ignorance can but multiply itself, as sect only increases sectarianism. The manhood of the offspring of these is in perpetual abeyance while on the earth. Their eyes are in the back part of the head instead of the front. They are perpetually peering into *last night*. Their hope and their trust are in what somebody else is supposed to have known, and in nothing which they know themselves, or care to know. Their manhood powers are typified by a certain order of Batrachia, which, while confined to the pond, have no legs *visible*. They hope for results without the least regard to causes. Like children who cry for candy, with no reference to the amount of copper in the parental pocket, they do not concern themselves with conditions, precedent. As they accept it, God has finished his work and gone home to rest, by way of a brilliant example for eternal idleness.

The fear of truth can never discover the truth. A man who while holding what he supposes to be a truth, refuses to examine any other for fear it may unsettle his faith in what he has, is without a standard of truth in his own soul. He mistakes a fictitious injury to himself for a wound inflicted upon the invincible. More unfortunate still, that which he imagines himself to have (and though it were true in itself), is not truth to him. Were it the demonstration of his own consciousness, he would know that it never could be unsettled. This is the condition of our popular religion. At the best, it mistakes the memory of truth for the consciousness of it—the power to repeat, for the ability to understand. It repeats error as glibly as it does truth, and denounces all efforts at discrimination. It means well, but it does not know well.

Out of Nazareth no divine manhood can come. It is only possible through the courage, the independence and the fidelity of those who, in dismissing all fear of truth, open their souls to its reception, through men and women, who can lay aside tradition, in order to learn what their own observation and inner experience have to reveal. These modes of knowledge have brought us *en rapport* with the spirit-world, whence is demonstrated the spiritual nature of man and the eternal fixity of law. That to secure the welfare of being, attention must be had solely to the laws of being. That he is the product of law—of the divine order in nature—and not of miracle, and is not to be saved by a miracle; nor to be reformed by denouncing the nature which Nature gave him; but by *understanding* it and obeying its suggestions as the veritable voice of God.

Friends, these are among the basic truths which Spiritualism is intended to establish in this world. The organization which we commend is simply the machinery by which it is hoped to facilitate the work. That which we lay before you is the product of the natural growth of spiritual ideas. The body which framed it, felt the pressure of the sentiment running throughout its constituency, that an effort, at least, in this direction, must be made. Many had said, and more had thought, that the time was come to act, as well as talk. In obedience to your inspiration it has acted—acted unanimously. The result is before you in detail. In the sacred name of humanity, and in view of its needs, you have virtually demanded of that Convention, that it should work more and talk less. It has obeyed you. More earnest, thoughtful labor, was never performed by any Convention, for any purpose, in the same time. See to it then, we implore you, in behalf of the same needs to which you cited the Convention as a stimulus to industry, that you also *do* something as well as *say* it. It is easy to employ words in adverse criticism upon what has been done; it may not be all, or exactly what you desire; but this is certain—talk may *kill* it, while *cash* is essential to make it move. As a Convention its labor necessarily pauses at a point analogous to that of the mechanic when he has completed a locomotive. There it stands, perfect in all its parts, as his skill can make it, and ready for useful work; but, unless somebody will furnish the necessary outlay for fuel, there it will stand until the elements resolve it back into themselves again; and, unless the requisite means, in its kind, are supplied, so also, will this.

Whatever is contributed, is for the single purpose of putting this organic form in motion upon the line of its duty. It is not a juggernaut, it will crush nobody, that it need be feared. Though it should go upon its appointed pathway, freighted with truths, it can confer them only upon the willing. It can force them nowhere. It can trouble no man who desires to be rid of it. It has no secrets. It will faithfully apply all with which it is furnished, to the objects named or purposes indicated.

## Hudson Tuttle and his "New Disgrace."

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

In common with your numerous readers, Messrs. Editors, I have read with an astonishment and regret no less profound than sorrowful, Mr. Hudson Tuttle's numerous attempts to bring odium to the woman's suffrage movement, the American Association of Spiritualists, and to the cause of Spiritualism generally, by his frequent attacks, through the spiritual press, because of the public position of Mrs. Woodhull, and the relation she sustains to these active and respective bodies or departments of reform.

The author of "Physical Man," "Arcana of Nature," "God Idea," "Arcana of Spiritualism," etc., (volumes of varied merit, containing no original idea of his own, mainly valuable as compilations to the general and discursive reader), has dethroned himself from the position he has hitherto meritoriously held among Spiritualists, by the petty character and quality of his recent newspaper controversy. Instead of definitely maintaining any great moral principle, he unfortunately appears to have gotten up for his own especial gratification, and entered upon a sort of free fight, to the disgust of a large constituency, in which he voluntarily champions an unworthy and ignoble side. In this encounter he exhibits characteristics which one expects to see in a professional of the prize ring, rather than in a philosopher of the spiritual school.

How comes it that one who has heretofore been credited with generous outlook of vision and catholicity of thought, should and could thus suddenly fall from such a height to such a depth? What is the real as well as ostensible reason for such manifestation at this particular time? Surely behind all these "launching diatribes" which have flooded the spiritual press for the past two months, there must be, it is safe to assume, a more tangible and significant cause than what appears on the surface.

Such a persistent avalanche of personal opposition cannot be reconciled on the hypothesis that Mrs. Woodhull was made President of the National Organization of Spiritualists—this supposition is altogether too thin. Waving, however, everything of this character, as an observer watching more or less closely whatever is going on, I have to confess myself unable to see the relevancy of Mr. Tuttle's emphasized points, as sought to be made against Mrs. Woodhull. Distrusting my own judgment, I sought the opinion of my neighbors, acquaintances and friends; and though some of them were, and still are opposed to Mrs. Woodhull, for some reason or other they could not tell, with one exception all saw as I did, and deplored the narrowness of mind, the littleness of comprehension and boyishness of exhibition generally, made by the Autocratic Philosopher of Berlin Heights, of free-love notoriety.

BROOKLYN, February 22, 1872.

## Dishonesty of the New York "Tribune."

Editors of Woodhull and Claflin's Weekly:

The following appeared in the *Tribune* of February 21, and fairly exhibits the dishonesty of the editor in treating the all-pervading subject of Spiritualism:

Half the stories told in support of "Spiritualism" are the merest gossip, or sometimes worse. Thus we are informed that Mrs. Lincoln lately, in a neighboring city, waited incognito and closely veiled upon a "medium," and was discovered by an immediate communication from the late President. There isn't probably one word of truth in this tale; at least, we have not a particle of evidence that there is; yet it will go meandering up and down in the newspapers, making a great impression upon foolishly accommodating minds. You object to the vagaries of "the Spiritists" that they lack precision, and you are at once set down by some such feeble, limping, and flabby bit of "evidence" as this. Then you register a great vow never to debate "Spiritism" again, and presently break it.

Half the stories told "are the merest gossip." But that is not a greater proportion of gossip than is related about almost any other subject of any moment—even politics; and would apply perhaps to the *Tribune* opposition to General Grant, or to its treatment to "Tammany rings." But suppose, the other half of the stories are not "the merest gossip" on any other subject than Spiritualism, the *Tribune* will seize upon them for what they are worth. Now, suppose the story referred to by the *Tribune* is not gossip, but the real truth! "Ah!" says the *Tribune*, "there is not probably one word of truth in this tale, at least we have not a particle of evidence that there is," and that is enough for the *Tribune* to pronounce it "gossip," without trying to learn whether it is gossip or truth. This is the dishonest way that paper has of arguing down what it don't like. There are thousands upon thousands of good and honest people who know that just such cases as reported about Mrs. Lincoln have happened, and the *Tribune* ought to know it. If it can't deal with more honest candor with any subject, it ought never again to break its vow, not to refer to it at all. The *Tribune* will learn that this subject cannot be sneered down by this style of "arguments," because there are too many people who take pains to know whether things reported of Spiritualism are "gossip" or truth. The *Tribune* forfeits its character for candor and a fair treatment of both sides of all important questions by this kind of dodging and ridicule. Its own patrons, so many of whom are Spiritualists, won't endorse it with their support much longer.

FAIR PLAY.

Here is what the *Missouri Republican*, the principle Democratic journal in the Southwest, announces as the programme of the Schurz-Brown party:

It has now opened the Presidential campaign with a platform that covers nearly every inch of Democratic ground, and it asks for the privilege of defeating Grant and electing a Liberal Republican on that platform, with the help of a Democratic support, which it is prepared to cheerfully acknowledge.

## SCIENTIFIC.

## Spiritualism and Science in England.

Under the above caption, Rev. M. S. Conway, of London, the eminent radical in theology, contributes the following item of interest, to the readers of the *Indec*:

There is a connection between the head and hand of a nation which our theologians are beginning to find out. The London *Times* recently declared, in an editorial article, that there are more people in London uninterested in any kind of Christianity than all the denominations put together can pretend to have converted among the heathen. Yet when a man of science gives a lecture on Sunday, it is hard to find a hall large enough to contain the people who attend, though they have to pay; whilst the churches which they attend freely are comparatively empty. The fact is, the working classes have abandoned Christianity, in more or less sympathy with the alienation of the great thinkers from it. The blow given to the prevailing religion by the simple announcement that Grote had left a bequest to endow a professorship in University College on condition that no preacher of any denomination whatever should ever be chosen to that chair was exceedingly heavy. The churches and chapels writhed under it, while in a score of so-called "infidel meetings" it was made the subject of demonstrative congratulations. Not long ago I was walking along the street on a Sunday afternoon when I perceived a group gathered around a street preacher. The man was much more vigorous and shrewd than his kind generally are; he was a Scotchman, and, like most Scotch preachers, had developed an especial ability for the falsification of facts. He seemed to be directing his remarks particularly against a number of infidels, who had been urging their objections to Christianity before my arrival. "Ah!" said the preacher scornfully, "you do not find these Christian evidences sufficient? You don't? They were enough for such intellects as Locke and Newton, but not for you?" Presently one of the "infidels" replied: "The preacher has gone back just two hundred years to find great men who believed in Christianity. But something has been learned in two hundred years. Let him give us the names of great men—the successors of Newton and Locke—who believes in it now." The Scotch preacher prudently discovered at that moment it was his tea time, and, excusing himself, disappeared.

I was reminded of this by seeing the faces of many of that same group of "infidels" at St. George's Hall, last Sunday afternoon, on the occasion of one of those Sunday lectures on secular subjects which have now become an institution in London. Every Sunday now, we have two such lectures and a concert in a beautiful hall. The infidels have found a nest for themselves and their children—after a long struggle with the Sabbatarians—and their meetings on commons and under railway arches on Sundays will become only the voluntary enjoyments of the summer. The subject of last Sunday's lecture was "Epidemic Delusions, with special reference to Spiritualistic Manifestations." The lecturer was Dr. W. B. Carpenter. There were circumstances which gave great interest to the occasion. There is no doubt that Spiritualism has recently been brought under the consideration of the scientific world in a way in which dealing with it cannot be avoided. One man of respectable position in the scientific world—Mr. Crookes—has published, as facts coming under his own observation, incidents which would show that, at least, some new physical force is at work in producing the alleged phenomena of Spiritualism. A man of much more eminence in science—Mr. Huggins—having been present with Mr. Crookes, has written an ambiguous letter in which he says the facts seemed to be as Mr. C. states, though he carefully refrains from giving any theory about them. The statements of Mr. Crookes alone would not have carried a great deal of weight, for, though he is a chemist of reputation, he is hardly considered a thoroughly drilled and cool investigator. But the scientific world is simply scandalized by the degree of countenance, however cautious, given to the matter by Mr. Huggins, the astronomer; and that feeling has been manifested in the severe article on "Spiritualism and its recent converts," in the *Quarterly Review*. There is no doubt now, that Crookes and Huggins are involved in such a way that they will have to fight. They will be martyrs to a delusion unless they can prove their facts to the grand Jury of Science. It is safe to say they have suffered already in reputation more than they will be willing to endure in a country where opportunities for experiment, vindication and discussion are available to all. So we may congratulate ourselves that personal reasons have entered to insure at last a thorough investigation of this subject by men of science.

## Scientific Generation of Man.

It appears to be the prevailing belief among writers on the scientific generation of man, that a system analogous in its nature to that practiced by the improvers of our domesticated animals and plants, namely: "breeding from the fittest," etc., is absolutely essential to the successful improvement of the human race by means of scientific propagation; and hence, in the many respects wherein our present social system conflicts with the adoption of such a practice, it must undergo a radical change, or perhaps even perish altogether. This is our extreme view of the case and although not entirely without a foundation in fact as to utility, yet it is by no means an absolute necessity, and as it is not the nature of man to fly socially from one extreme to another, without intermediate gradational changes, we must have a science of procreation based upon somewhat different principles, if we desire society to accept and apply it extensively without procrastinating for many generations.

Then what we really need at present is a science which may be universal in its application rather than partial; one which is suitable to our present wants. Such being the case, let us hastily glance at a few of the more important principles or laws presented by modern science, the existence of which is substantiated by ample data, and see if they afford sufficient material for the construction of such a science. These principles are: First, the law of inheritance, Second, that of crossing, Third, that of the transmission of acquired peculiarities, and organs affected by use or disease, Fourth, that of the influence of the maternal mind upon the embryo it fosters in utero.

We will briefly consider them in the order of citation.

The application of the principle of inheritance, in generation, to its fullest extent would lead undoubtedly to the exclusion of many persons, even those comparatively able and

sound, from the privileges of parentage, yet without necessarily resorting to such an extreme it is of the utmost consequence. A thorough knowledge and appreciation of the nature of this principle, which prevails in every department of the organic world, is essential to the ultimate success of any endeavor. It is the substratum upon which every scheme of scientific generation must be founded, for by its agency we are able to accumulate or strengthen in offspring any desirable characteristic or quality; or, on the contrary to counterbalance or perhaps eradicate an unfavorable one, etc.

The efficacy of crossing is undeniable. In fact, the union of persons of different temperaments in marriage so highly recommended by some physiologists, is but the application of this principle in a lesser degree. Those nations, either of ancient or modern times, which have become the most potent in war or advanced in peace, were formed by the mixture of a great number of tribes or races. Among the former the Grecians and Romans furnish excellent illustrations of the truth of this assertion. The one produced the finest scholars and the other the bravest warriors of antiquity. The Grecians were composed of a most remarkable conglomeration of people, Pelases, Hellenes, Phoenicians, Carians, Thracians, Illyrians, Upper and Lower Egyptians, Phrygians, etc.; while the Romans were composed of heterogeneous elements furnished by the numerous races of nearly all Europe. In more recent times we have but to contrast the existing mixed races of Europe or America with the comparatively pure one of Asia and Africa to be convinced of the beneficial results of an obedience to this principle.

Why this manifest superiority consequent upon the mixture of different races of men? The answer is, that there is a law of vital as well as chemical affinity, and, like the latter, the former is the strongest, and, consequently, the most fruitful in results, when the elements or organisms combined differ most widely in their nature; subject, however, in the one case to certain limitations as to species.

It is an established fact, and one bearing directly upon the formation of this science; that acquired peculiarities and altered characteristics are transmissible from parent to offspring. In other words, that the constitution of progeny partake of the temporary condition of the parental system at the period of conception or gestation. That is, should the parents happen at this momentous time to be unusually strong and healthy, the offspring will, as a rule, be their superior; for its constitution will compare favorably with that of the parents in their best condition, while it will be much superior to theirs in its ordinary state. However, should the parents at this time be unusually weak, or sickly, the child is almost certain to be their inferior. Thus we perceive that persons should prepare themselves for the performance of the parental functions as carefully as boatmen do for the race, or prize fighters for the ring; for mental or physical qualities or organs, which have been improved by judicious exercise or careful habits, are transmissible to offspring in the improved condition. Many examples in proof of this could be adduced, would space permit.

The subtle and mysterious, though powerful influence of the maternal mind or "imagination" upon the plastic nature of the unborn child is no less important than it is remarkable. That varied impressions made upon the mother's mind are capable of being photographed, as it were, upon the brain or body of the child in utero, we have the authority of the most distinguished physiologists and physicians, of the present day as well as the past, for believing. It has been the common belief of mankind since the days of Hippocrates and Galen, and doubtless much earlier. This influence operates beneficially as well as injuriously. Genius on the one hand, and idiocy on the other, has been the fruit of it. There is little doubt that many of the brightest lights which have illuminated the intellectual world derived much of their natural greatness from the parental influence of maternal thoughts. Or to speak more plainly, they were partially educated before birth to fill the sphere subsequently occupied by them. Now, the relation which this important fact holds to scientific propagation is this: that the mother can voluntarily stamp upon her unborn babe the impress of greatness! she has the power to educate her child so thoroughly as to breed the lessons in its bones.

The truth is, this field for human improvement is so extensive that there is abundant room for persons of all casts of mind and conditions of body to practice scientific generation agreeably to their various predilections. They have the choice of the extremes of Stipiculture or principles more in accordance with the present state of social progress. Yet, before we can designate with certainty the best mode of accomplishing the object of this science, we must pass through the bitter but enlightening ordeal of experiment.

COSMOPOLITE.

## Electricity.

A current, to which the name of muscle current is given, may easily be detected in living muscle. It may be detected by applying the electrodes of the galvanometer, the one to the surface made up of the sides of the fibres, the other to that made up of either one of the two ends of the fibres, and also, though much less clearly, by examining either of these two surfaces singly, provided only the two points to which the electrodes are applied at an unequal distance from the central point of the surface. It may not be detected, if, instead of applying them in this manner, the electrodes are applied so as to connect either the two surfaces made up of the ends of the fibres, or two points equidistant from the central point of the surface made up of the sides, or of that formed of either ends of these fibres. A current may or may not be detected under such circumstances, and when it is detected its direction is such as to show that the surface made up of the sides of the fibre is positive in relation to that made up of either one of the two ends, and that the former surface is more positive and the latter more negative as the distance increases from the line of junction between these two surfaces. In this way the galvanometer makes known the existence of points of similar and dissimilar electric tension in living muscle; and the only inference from the facts would seem to be that there is a current when the electrodes are applied so as to bring together points of dissimilar tension, but not otherwise. The facts are not to be questioned. The inferences arising from them can scarcely be mistaken.

It is a noticeable coincidence that the language of the facial muscles over the nose and across the cheeks is identical in the countenances of Victoria C. Woodhull and Brigham Young.—*Boston Commonwealth*.

The same "noticeable coincidence" is seen in the counterfeit presentment of Charles W. Slack, editor of the *Commonwealth*, and Benedict Arnold.

## Rev. John Weiss, on "Religion as a Sentiment."

REPORT OF HIS FREE-RELIGIOUS ASSOCIATION LECTURE IN BOSTON.

The speaker said he had previously written discourses to prove that religion was a recognition of all the facts in the universe, but the word fact laid the man who used it open to the charge of materialism. The matter-of-fact man was one whose instinct appropriated the nearest things, and who adds figures correctly and spends no money for fancy. His palm was capacious and his fingers prehensile, but unfortunately they were attached to a shoulder. With him what served utility was preferred to all the sciences and arts. He puts Deity in a straight waistcoat, and to him the infinite and invisible are puzzles. Men held facts sacred as soon as their relation to Divine intelligence was discovered, and they did not discover the spiritual until they were brought up roundly by matter.

The first question which true religion asked was, what are the facts? The world was man's instructor in moral and spiritual demeanor, and religion perceived the analogy which exists between the world and the human constitution. Among the store of facts which nature always keeps on hand, religion finds many that are only occurrences, such as the mists of morning, or the rising of the sun. Love, pity, remorse, fear and dependence, the best emotions, were sometimes swollen into gigantic forms, and it was the business of religion to dissipate the fogs of the mind. The sense of justice and the emotions of pity were two facts of human nature, but justice was sometimes hardened and pity vaporized into a watery, sentimental ghost. The beatitude of mercy was a temperament which religion made by bringing justice and pity to co-operate with each other. Society would eventually protect itself from criminals by releasing them from themselves into the asylum of repentance.

The instinct of reverence was another fact which religion accepts and was ever ready to supply with appropriate objects. The practice of worship was warmed into life by this instinct, and without it any form of worship lacks vitality. In all the old systems of theology, and in the latest forms of Christianity, the dominant theory was individualism. The man wants an arm around his waist. The question was, who is sick, the creature or the creator? Theology made an evasive reply to this query. No scheme has yet been devised to eradicate error from the original soil of creation. Religion accepted the fact, and undertook to make out of it the best world possible. She must concede one of two things, either that evil resulted from satanic movement, or that it came into this world as the result of human freedom. Could a being be truly loved who permitted man to be spoiled by the devil, or who allowed man to play the devil himself? Religion accepted the situation without any apologies, and does the best it can, and arrives at a love for God that is equal to the facts.

Religion is not the attitude held towards the Deity. Take the fact that human nature likes to refer to some great protection. Some systems of theology owe their life to the idea that religion is only a system of human dependence, and men confide in them out of pure passivity of feeling. The more ignorant the person, the more thoroughly does the feeling absorb him. The haunted soul runs itself into this cranny, and insists that it safe, though every pinfeather is plucked from its body. Trust in a Divinity should bring with it true freedom. There was nothing in it of submissiveness, and the submission which was often accorded was only the submission of stupidity. Experience brings distrust to man, and the earthquake jostles down his conjecture about an amiable providence. Distrust is the first indictment the soul serves upon the world in which it lives. Submissiveness was lauded as the result of Christianity, although it was interwoven in the religious experience of the Greeks and Romans. But were men reduced to this—that God sent a hip disease in order to extort resignation? does he select this man's leg for shrinkage because he detects some superfluity and means to have that man limp out of it? It was true that trials sometimes refined an arrogant temper, but they were as often inflicted on a sweetness, which heaven could not enhance. The universe taught without didactic phrases, and it taught by well-lettered milestones of facts.

Religion lays claim to every object of creation, and the world's realities blossom into a sentiment—not a feeling of dependence, but in a great degree a sense of independence. The sense of religion is a condition in which the soul becomes self-conscious. Men need not walk into a meeting-house to create the artificial mood which passes for worship. The sentiment of religion was the totality of the soul, and the doors of no sect were broad enough to take it in. The instinct of personal continuance evolved from the soul was the only excuse for the doctrine of immortality. It was not an element implanted in man's nature, for whole peoples and nations are destitute of it. Every person strung on organic laws was a guarantee to his neighbors that their excellence was perennial; but Fisk and Tweed strip off their shoddy, and we see no man inside.

The Roman Catholic *Tablet* says it is no matter how many persons might secede from the Church, nobody will be affected but themselves. "A few persons who, hitherto professed to be Catholic, would simply become Protestants or Infidels, and lose their own souls." We need to be thus occasionally reminded, by a fresh utterance, of the preposterous teaching of the Romish Church, that all Protestants, no matter how eminent their piety, how pure their lives, how sincere and earnest their search after truth, how self-denying their labors of charity, how clear their trust in God, how triumphant their faith and hope in death, are damned in hell to all eternity. To be sure, the Apostle Peter declared that "in every nation he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted with him;" but what is the use of quoting the great Foundation of the Church against any of his infallible successors?—*The Christian Union*.

## The Absent.

BY BISHOP A. BEALS.

How oft, as the day is deepening,  
My thoughts reach outward to thee,  
Like summer-air, tenderly sweetening  
The landscape of Nature and sea.

How oft dear memories come nestling  
Like baby-eyes brimming with love,  
When my heart with sorrow is wrestling,  
To lead me peacefully above.

How often, in love's sweet re-union,  
Do our spirits mingle the same,  
Like flowers that blend in communion  
Beneath the baptism of rain.

How oft, when tired and weary  
With the labor of every day,  
Do I come from the archway dreary,  
And reach for thy spirit away.

How sadly the shadows are falling  
Around my spirit to-night,  
While over its waves I am calling  
For thy presence of sweetest delight.

How sacred the picture I'm painting;  
Its colors the rainbow outvie.  
'Tis strength to my spirit when fainting,  
To feel thy spirit is nigh.

## FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

## Spiritualism in Italy.

BY G. DAMIANI.

Dear Editors:—Recently new facts have come to my knowledge, proving not only the rapid growth of the new science in Italy, at the present moment, but how it had already struck its roots in this fertile soil *pari passu* with the first phenomena by which its advent was heralded, both in America and the next favored land, England. Now for a concise statement of the facts. At Naples, in January last, I became acquainted with a most enlightened and earnest Spiritualist, who is also a distinguished author and a dignitary in the church of Rome, in fact, a man of the same stamp as Dollinger and Hyacinthe, but more advanced than either, inasmuch as he is an outspoken Spiritualist. He informed me that he had been an adept in the grand philosophy for more than twenty years, both he and his sister being mediums for varied manifestations, and that when, more recently, he began reading works on Spiritualism, he found nothing in them but what had already been taught him by his angel visitors, long ere a word had been printed in Europe on the subject. His sister, a trance medium of great power, presents a phenomenon worth recording: just previous to awaking from the trance state, she invariably shows signs of distress at the return of her own spirit to the earthly plane. "Why take me from that blissful place and cast me here again? Oh! let me be there!" she would exclaim, in doleful accents, her eyes being often suffused with tears; although on her return to the normal condition no trace of the anguish, she had just been manifesting, is discernible, nor has she the slightest recollection of it. I have never before observed such a phase of mediumship, and I record it, as it appears to me to throw a great deal of light on the natural laws which govern the process of entrancement. As to her brother, the Canon, he is a medium who hears the voices of invisible beings who manifest their presence by sounds resembling footsteps, and who reason with him for hours together; he also writes, by mediumistic influence, essays on the new and grand philosophy, second to none that I have read.

Again among the few friends who remained to me in Italy, after an absence of many years, I found one whom I had not seen from my infancy, in the presence of Signor Gennaro Ranallo, a lawyer and extensive landholder in and about the famous fortress and town of Capua. From him I have the following interesting facts, which I translate from a manuscript in his handwriting now before me:

"In the year 1858 a dignitary of the church of Rome, of the name of Arciprote, and an intimate friend of mine, came to me one Monday morning with a mien full of thought, and asked to speak with me privately; being left alone he related to me the following extraordinary facts: That the previous day, being Sunday, on leaving the church he met a man of pleasant exterior, who, after addressing him and conversing for awhile on different topics, departed, assuring him that they would soon meet again. Late in the night of that same Sunday, while the priest was reading in bed, to his great surprise he saw, standing near his couch, the same individual who accosted him in the morning, but recollecting that he had secured his small apartment from all intrusion, he at once understood he was in the presence of a spirit; on recovering from his surprise he inquired into the motive of the apparition, and was told that he had come to tell him of a new revelation that would soon spread throughout the world, and that would confer great happiness on mankind by imparting the certainty of immortality, and dispelling the errors of materialism; that he, the priest, had been chosen by the spirits to form a society which would be the nucleus of a powerful organization in that part of Europe. The spirit then made him write several names, all belonging to the township of Capua, and requested that he would communicate with them of their being chosen as powerful instruments in a mighty humanitarian cause.

The individuals named were communicated with, assembled together, and found to be nearly all powerful mediums, possessing various kinds of mediumship, especially those of seeing spirit forms, and hearing them speak. In the early stage of their communion with the spirit intelligences, they were

told they would soon have to welcome a Scotch nobleman of ancient family, who, through spirit direction, would come to meet the new society to give them further instructions. At the time predicted by the spirits, the Earl of — \* made his appearance at Capua, assembled the nucleus of the society, and instructed them in the spiritual philosophy and the part which they would take in the spread of the new revelation at the proper time. He then departed, promising to return in twelve months' time, which he did, repeating his visit the year after."

The report goes on to describe the seances they held, with phenomena, which I forbear to relate, lest I should tax the credulity of the most confirmed and experienced Spiritualist. I refrain also because I am not writing for the purpose of sensational effect, but to show that Italy, the mother of Western civilization, has not been omitted by a kind Providence from an early participation in the new revelation, which, like the fulcrum of Archimedes, is destined to raise the world, and give it a new and a better direction.

The report of Signor Ranallo I shall preserve as one of the most extraordinary documents on modern Spiritualism extant. What, however, I wish to submit for the consideration of your readers is, the fact that had the Capuan Society and their meetings been discovered by the government of the modern Nero, Ferdinand the Second, who, at that period, was the absolute and priest-ridden ruler in the two Sicilies, the worthy priest, Arciprote, (who has just passed into the spirit world) and his co-workers, would have been mercilessly consigned to a subterranean dungeon, and never again been heard of.

A few more facts to prove the spread of the new science in Italy, in spite of extraordinary obstacles.

In my report of last year I mentioned the name of Signor Scifoni, an exile from Rome, as the President of the Spiritual Society at Florence. On the King of Italy taking possession of the capital of his kingdom, (the *usurper*), worthy Signor Scifoni was again allowed to see his native land, from which, for being too progressive in his ideas, he had been mercilessly banished for the period of forty years. In November of last year I did myself the pleasure of calling on him, and I heard from his lips that which greatly rejoiced, but still more astonished me, namely, that he had found in Rome no lack of working mediums, who for years, and in the teeth of the yawning dungeons of the Holy Inquisition, had held intercourse with the spirit-world, and that, encouraged by numerous solicitations, he was about to form a Spiritual society in the midst of the Seven Hills.

Again, in the spring of this year, Signor De Witt, the lawyer, author and great medium, whom I mentioned in my previous report, having been invited as a candidate for election to the Italian Parliament, found in his opponent a creature of the clerical party who did not scruple to denounce him to the constituency of the Maremma as a man unworthy of their suffrage and confidence, he, Signor De Witt, being "one of those men, either deluded or sacrilegious, calling themselves Spiritualists." Thus publicly arraigned on the awful charge, the young, spirited and eloquent lawyer not only admitted the fact, but treated his constituents to a regular lecture, explaining to them the facts, philosophy and aim of Spiritualism—with what result? This: his being elected by a larger majority to a seat in the Italian Parliament, which he now graces by his presence. The Italian Legislature is thus the third in Europe boasting an avowed Spiritualist among its members, England and France having preceded it in this privilege.

I have learned that there is no village of any consideration in the whole Italian Peninsula without its mediums and its seances, and that the latter are often presided over by the priests of this locality.

NAPLES, Italy.

\*In the record from which I am extracting, the name of the Scotch Earl is given in full, but as I find that he has kept aloof from the spiritual movement in Great Britain, I will respect his motives for not coming forward, and will withhold his name.

## PHENOMENAL.

MESSRS. EDITORS,—During the past year I have received many letters from both strangers and acquaintances urging me to give them some account or description of the spiritual manifestations which occurred in the presence of Dr. Roundy, myself and little daughter. I have not complied on account of ill health. Many kind letters from dear friends remain unanswered for the same reason. I return my grateful acknowledgments to those friends for their kindly remembrances and cheering words. They have been a solace to me during severe illness of the past year. In 1868 I was boarding in Dr. Roundy's family, residing in Quincy, Mass. During the autumn of that year, loud raps were heard in different parts of the house, sounding like a person striking upon the house with a stick of wood. They were truly startling. The door bell would ring, doors open without any visible hand, foot steps were heard like a heavy person walking about the house, furniture was moved about gently. These sounds occurred in the evening or during the night, with the exception of the raps, which were frequently heard in the day time. It was noticed they did not occur when the Doctor was absent, or during my absence, and when my little daughter was present they were still more powerful. The Doctor was not pleased with these manifestations as they often disturbed himself and family. In 1869, one evening, while the family were sitting in the parlor, gentle raps were heard which had a musical ring in them. A patient of the Doctor's, boarding in the family, suggested that perhaps the invisible friends wished to produce some musical manifestations which would result in good, and would like to have us form a circle. The Doctor inquired if they would stop disturbing the family if we would form a bat-

tery. They responded loudly in the affirmative. We then formed a circle around a table after placing a bell under it. We sat some time without any manifestation. One of my guides ("Laughing Water") requested the light removed, which was done. Soon raps were made all over the table and about the room. Sparks of light were seen; then the bell moved, and soon came up and was placed upon my head, and rung all over the room. We all became interested, and formed a circle quite often. The guides requested us to place the bell upon a table back of us. A pair of large wings were placed with other things upon the table. The wings were presented to the Doctor some six years previous by my sister, Miss Barbara Allen, who is an excellent medium. She was controlled by Black Hawk at the time. He said, "Brave, we present these wings to you; keep them, in the future you will be impressed what to do with them." A tenor drum, tamborine and base drum were played upon, bells chimed at the same time in harmony with other music, and sometimes bells carried out of the room, all could hear them in the distance. Sweet perfumes were exhaled, a tumbler of water placed to our lips, our heads and hands bathed with water.

One evening while giving a seance in Boston, a gentleman suggested that perhaps the spirits would speak through a trumpet, and enquired if they could? They replied they would try. The gentleman presented one to the spirit-band Blackhawk speaks through it. When the temperature of the room is favorable, the air clear and cool, he speaks quite distinctly—giving tests. Sometimes other voices are heard. Many other manifestations are given, which I will not attempt to describe, as it would take up too much room in your columns. They are not adapted for the rabble or for a large audience, but for a parlor seance; about twelve persons, positive and negative, forming a circle around a table with the hands joined, and music to harmonize. The more intellectual, sincere and spiritual the audience, the better the manifestations. They are given in the absence of light. Many people are prejudiced against dark circles, because some have claimed to be mediums for spiritual phenomena, and then said they "done it all themselves." Of course all lovers of truth are disgusted with such foolishness; their dishonesty does not prove there is no genuine. True, the real has deception to live down; and often virtue starves while vice is fed, but time will prove the true. I, for one, know there is a genuine, and have no desire to deceive people, even if I could. My time is too precious. After devoting self fifteen years as a public medium, spending time and vitality for a cause I love as my life, and sacred as my loved ones are who have gone from their earth-forms and left me weeping; surely, my life would not be worth much without the knowledge I have acquired, proving that my loved ones still live to love and bless me, although they have passed into another sphere. My dear, good mother, husband, father, and others often bathe my weary brow in the midnight-hour and in the mid-day, and I should be very ungrateful if I should doubt them, because they come in the night.

I wish to have it distinctly understood that I do not claim the entire mediumship of these manifestations; they do not occur in order as I have described them, only when Dr. Roundy and myself are both present, and they are still better when my daughter is present. Sometimes raps are heard and perfume given in the light, while conversing with friends, when we are not both present. Dr. Roundy has been a pioneer in Spiritualism, has been a brave soldier, and kindled the light in many places. I have given this description at the urgent solicitations of some of your readers. Many can testify to the truth which I have given. I do not intend to devote my time entirely to this phase of mediumship, but am willing to sit for the benefit of the sincere, honest investigator. I hope to be able to lecture occasionally during the spring and summer months. Would like to make some engagements for Sunday or evening lectures. Address, Springfield, Vt., care of D. M. Smith, Esq. Yours, for truth and justice,

SARAH HELEN MATTHEWS.

SPRINGFIELD, February 2, 1872.

## Off the Beaten Track.

The New York World contains the following candid statement of a reporter who, with a materialist friend, went in search of manifestations:

As these papers allow the largest liberty of expression, I may as well tell you at once that I am inclined to be a Spiritualist. But until the last winter, believe me, I never went in search of manifestations, and never attended the seances of a public medium. What I have to say now is simply as a reporter; but feeling that my own bias would be apparent in the articles, I got a friend of mine, who is a materialist, to assist me. "Let us," I said to him, "investigate the black art, and the white—the astrologers, clairvoyants, rappers, fortune-tellers and seers of the city. He agreed, and got a morning paper to read their advertisements. "Stop a moment," said I. "You will begin at the wrong end if you do that. There are two kinds of practitioners, not to make the distinctions numerous—the curious, and contemptible. Let us start with the curious, and they never advertise at all."

"Ha, happy thought," replied my materialistic companion. "If any of them are not contemptible by all means let us start with them. But how will you find them?"

"Easy enough. Do you know that there is a very large class of people in this city, who support innumerable clairvoyant doctors and writing mediums, and actually get all their religious notions and their hygienic advice from the other world; or, to be more exact, from those who claim to be in communication with the other world. But let us search for

those who will confound us, before we go after those who will only amuse us. Have you ever heard of

## FOSTER THE WRITING MEDIUM

"Often, He's a young man well known about town, in theatrical and Bohemian circles, and Owens has recently advertised him afresh in his 'Debatable Land' a book, by the way, that I am told by a parishioner, will exceed in circulation anything since 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.'"

"Very likely. Look at that rather trashy affair called 'The Gates Ajar.' Owen's book appears to have given a fresh impetus to spiritual inquiry. Suppose we visit Foster; he can doubtless give us a list of the most reliable seers in his line."

Mr. Foster lives in Twelfth street just west of University place. We caught him at home one morning about 11 o'clock. Mr. Foster looked into the room in his shirt-sleeves and said he would be with us in a moment. Shortly afterwards he came in and sat down. He asks us to be seated at the table. He converses quietly for a few moments on various current topics, passing from one to the other lightly after expressing a decided but never profound opinion of each, employing himself meanwhile in tearing up the slips of white paper before him into little parallelograms, about three inches by one in size. When these ballots are ready he throws them into the middle of the table unconcernedly, saying: "Now, if you will write the names of the persons you desire to communicate with on those slips, and fold them up lengthwise, we'll see what we can do this morning." Then he saunters out of the room so as not to embarrass us. We each write three names on the slips, making six in all, and fold them up carefully like ballots, and mix them together in a little heap in the middle of the table.

One of my names is fictitious, the other two are bona fide names—one of a friend living in Iowa, the other of a sister who died six years ago at Mount Pleasant. They may be represented thus:

William Pickett [fictitious].

Edward H. Clinton [in Iowa].

Jenny W. Jarvis [dead].

The three names contributed by my companion were similar in character. One was that of an old negro nurse who died many years before in an out-of-the-way town in New England, another was a name invented for the occasion, and the third was that of a well-known journalist, Charles G. Halpine, the circumstances of whose death are well known. These names may be represented thus:

Ann Deming [deceased nurse].

George Junkers [fictitious].

Charles G. Halpine.

Mr. Foster sauntered into the room again and sat down. As soon as he was in his chair the knocking commenced on the floor at his side. It was a series of muffled raps such as a strong man might have made by snapping his finger on the carpet. Drawing the ballots toward him, with his head turned slightly in order to protect his eye from the smoke of the cigar, he then picked them up one by one and held them in his closed hand or laid them against his forehead.

Mr. Foster now exhibited some of the premonitory symptoms of artificial somnambulism. His manner changed. He spoke with an effort, making a pause between his words, not to think of their meaning but as if to gain physical strength to emit them. The motion of his head and arms was more spasmodic than usual, and there was a slight dilation of the pupils of his eyes, such as usually accompanies febrile disturbance or somnambulant elation.

"There is a person comes here," he said, looking past me with a fixed stare, "who is strongly drawn to you. She is your—yes, yes (smiling as if spoken to by some invisible person), you will write your name? (seizing a pencil).

Here he wrote with a rapid motion of the pencil the name "Jenny W. Jarvis" on a piece of paper, and passed it to me.

"If Jenny is here," I asked, "will she tell me where she died?"

Foster—You will tell? Will you write it?

He then took a piece of paper and holding it against the under side of the table by pressing his little finger against it, let the pencil, held loosely in the circle made by his forefinger and thumb, move gently, and in this way the words "Mount Pleasant" were written backward while he was talking to my companion, who had asked him if he might look under the table.

Similar communications were afterward received from Charles G. Halpine, who, to my friend's amazement, signed himself "Miles O'Reilly." The nurse indicated her willingness to tell what she died of, when and where, but in spelling out the information by the card she made very bad guesswork of it, and only struck the truth after several entirely wrong answers were made.

He professed to be able to see the forms of several of the persons called for who were present in the room, and at our request gave an indefinite description of several of them, never characterizing them by any other peculiarities than stature, complexion and size. It should also be stated that on several occasions he picked out the right pellet the moment they were placed before him, and whenever he did so he unhesitatingly declared it was the right one and it always was. He explained this by saying that he distinguished it by its irradiating a faint light. The same phosphorescence, he stated, emanated from his sitters, and was always visible to him when in condition. The light varied in hue with the character of the subjects, and he based his recognition of the blood relationship of spirits to the sitter by the similarity of color in the light of both of them.

Pondering on the curious snarl of errors and incomprehensible facts presented by Mr. Foster's communications we arrived at the house of Mrs. States, in Twentieth street,

We found this to be the former residence of the sisters, Alice and Phoebe Carey, well known to thousands who have read their poems but never saw them. It was a quaintly furnished place retaining all the evidences of literary taste and gentle culture which its former occupants had given it. We waited in a dimly-lighted library, well stocked with the world's poets and the ablest contributions to psychological science.

Mrs. States, an elderly and intellectual matron, received us graciously, and divined at once that we were, to use the common phrase, "newspaper men." She no longer gave sittings, and thought as we were only beginners we had better go to a man like Dr. Slade, in Forty-third street, whose demonstrations were sufficiently objective to interest the most skeptical.

Upon this hint we acted, and immediately set out for Dr. Slade's. No sooner had we arrived at the English-base-ment house with the doctor's name in the window than we discovered we had stumbled, as it were, upon a live sensation that had been interesting thousands of people, and which we were in total ignorance of. Dr. Slade's house was the meeting place of all sorts of soul-sick and body-sick folk, who came to be cured or to gratify an uncontrollable curiosity. In scores of families he has been the theme of wonderment and angry disputation for weeks. He holds regular levees all day on the second floor, and his parlors and reception room are full continually of 'anxious visitors. We were shown into the little office on the second floor, where an assistant doctor bade us be seated and await our turn. A printed card over the mantel informed us that consultations were \$2 each, physical manifestations \$5.

Of course we unhesitatingly decided to take \$5 worth of the physical; it being understood that the more intensely physical the manifestations are, the more completely spiritualistic is their cause.

After waiting an hour or more, during which time the door, way leading into the hall was passed by many people coming and going, nearly all of them women, and some of them apparently invalids, we were told to walk up-stairs. The floor above was three rooms deep; the front rooms were tastefully, if not elegantly, furnished. The rear room, separated from the rest by sliding doors, was that in which Dr. Slade gave his sittings. It was simply arranged; a heavy black walnut table in the centre, a few common-cushioned parlor chairs, and a sofa were the chief articles of furniture.

Dr. Slade is a tall, dark man, with a bilious complexion and a consumptive manner. He complained of his health at once, and begged that we would defer our sitting, if possible, until another time. The sittings worried him, and the applications of visitors were so constant that he was worn out completely.

All this was apparently true enough, but our desire was that he would give us a trial, and he finally consented. We sat down in the back room, at the long table, the doors being closed. Our hands were laid upon the table so that they touched. The doctor then picked up with his disengaged right hand a little crumb of slate pencil from the table, and placing it upon an ordinary school slate, held the latter under the edge of the table, talking all the while in a low tone and rambling manner about his health.

The moment the slate touched the under-surface of the table, his arm trembled nervously, and the scratching of the piece of pencil could be heard plainly. My companion was asked to take hold of it that he might satisfy himself that a force entirely independent of the medium, was controlling it. He did so and found it drawn tightly against the table, as if held by a magnet. It could only be removed by pulling it out like a drawer. In this manner it was withdrawn and found to contain a sentence written crosswise at the end farthest from the hand that held it. The writing was finely executed, and purported to come from the doctor's wife. The message itself was in the most familiar style of spirit communications. Something in this style:

"The soul is immortal. It can never die. Its destiny is a bright one, forever advancing!"

It was absolutely impossible to account for the writing by any known mechanical contrivance. The surface written upon had been sponged off clean in our presence, and then held so closely to the under surface of the table as the frame around it would permit. We had heard the scratching while his two hands were in full view, and we now saw and read the message thus executed under circumstances that utterly precluded the interference of the medium's fingers.

This, however, was not the most wonderful part of Dr. Slade's performance.

We had come there with an understanding to continue the communications if possible with the same persons or spirits invoked at Mr. Foster's. What then was the surprise of one of us when the slate was again withdrawn, and the medium had vainly endeavored to understand the significance of the message, to read:

"How are you, Cummin. Saw you in M——. SAM."

A moment's reflection recalled a circumstance that had probably not been thought of for years. One of the persons at that table had written for a journal in a Western town, twelve years before, three or four articles ridiculing certain weak-minded temperance advocates, and had signed the articles "Cummin." There was no meaning to the signature. At that time the great English Jeremiah Cummin was attracting considerable attention, and the name may have rang in the writer's ears when he came to sign the first article. At all events, the essays, being in a light, ironical vein, attracted the attention of a certain convivial set, in which was Sam B——, and he for a long time insisted on calling the author of them by the *nom de plume* "Cummin." He was known to everybody in the town as Sam. It was not known to either of Dr. Slade's visitors when they entered his house that he was dead. Here,

then, was intelligence conveyed unsought, and without mental collusion or any reflex action of our minds.

The doctor appeared greatly relieved when he was told it was perfectly intelligible to one of us. At his third trial, however, the spirit of Sam got such possession of him that he could not control the slate, and it was dashed into a thousand pieces on the corner of the table. He was visibly affected. His breath came with difficulty. The dull, staring expression in his eyes, and the nervous trembling of his body betokened some kind of excitement. He made the remark that Sam didn't understand his business, and then added that there was not another slate in the house. Another one was subsequently found which had been brought there during the day by a lady who desired to preserve the writing. It was carefully tied up in brown paper.

Here, however, the manifestations of intelligence ceased, the doctor declaring that it was just such violent impressions that hurt him. He complained of his heart, and really looked distressed and miserable. We could not resist his appeal to postpone the sitting until another day. Before we left him we laid our hands upon the table at his suggestion, and had the satisfaction of seeing it rise about eighteen inches in the air and then fall to the floor with a crash that made the house resound.

We learned from the doctor's assistant that one of the best writing mediums in the city was a Mr. Mansfield, on the Sixth avenue, immediately opposite Booth's Theatre, and there we repaired immediately.

Mr. Mansfield lived over a store. His name was on a brass plate affixed to the door. We were ushered into his room, which looked out on Sixth avenue, in which he sat at a small writing table when we entered. He looked at us with fussy and overdone importance, and said in his weak voice that he didn't know if he could get it, being so late in the day. Still he would try, and if we were disappointed it wouldn't be his fault.

My companion sat down and, obedient to instructions, took one of the long strips of white paper (two feet long) and wrote at the top of it some kind of question with a pencil, while Mr. Mansfield walked over to the opposite side of the room and conversed with me about his collection of curiosities. This slip was doubled over in folds eight times and pasted down at the last fold, leaving only about six inches of blank paper remaining, upon which the medium was to write an answer.

There was, however, no answer received. Mr. Mansfield said he "couldn't get it." He would, however, try me.

I then took my place at the table and wrote the following:

To Henry W. Jarvis.

Are you present, and will you not communicate with me (say)?

JAMES L. JARVIS.

It was folded over and sealed precisely as the other, I being fully convinced that the medium had not the slightest idea of what was in the paper.

He sat down and began to write immediately on the portion of the slip left exposed.

The following was the answer:

Yes, my brother, I am with you; have been with you much to-day, and was disappointed that I could not manifest myself to you. But the fault was not mine. Say to P. S. A. that Mr. C. S. N. will be with him soon. The messenger has gone for him. Your sister.

JENNY.

There are several facts connected with this reply worth noticing. In the first place it fully covers the question asked. In the next place it refers to something which took place at Foster's which they omitted to mention, and that is, that I asked Jenny when there, if she would not make herself manifest to me, and the reply had been, "I will try to do so." Finally it refers to the question of my companion, correctly giving his initials and the initials of the person he had addressed, which neither I nor the medium knew. We were not a little puzzled at this; reflex action of the mind and clairvoyance were hardly able to account for this, and to put all down to remarkable coincidence is too easy a method of disposing of a difficulty.

I should state that Mr. Mansfield's manner of operating is altogether peculiar. The "possession" is confined to his left arm and hand, through which the intelligence, desiring to communicate, operates as with a telegraph machine. His left hand, lying upon the table, conveys the information by the tapping of his fingers, which play up and down with great rapidity, his right hand with a pencil writing the telegram. During the reception of a message his tongue protrudes slightly, and save for the ticking of his manual-machine, he might be mistaken for one of those solemn industrious geniuses who write playful stories and spin wit and humor for the weekly papers in barren garrets in Frankfort street.

After the communication had been received from Jenny he lost divine afflatus, and our seance ended. We then gave him five dollars and came away.

## The Spirit-Faces--Their Appearance Explained.

To the Editors of the American Spiritualist:

One who has tested many phases of spirit communion, and who has been through varied experiences herself, feels that she can give an explanation of the so-called spirit faces produced by means of paper pictures by Gordon, Slade, and other mediums. Through the science of mesmerism the spirit of our departed friends can, as I believe, act upon the optic nerves of those in the body.

The psychic force emanating from the medium forms an atmosphere which acts upon the brain of the sitter, and a real portrait may be thus transfigured in the mind of the sitter, and made to resemble the form of the departed one.

In my own experience, I have been attracted to look at ordinary pictures hanging upon the wall, and my eyes have been somehow affected by the mesmeric influence, until the pictures have been transformed so as to appear to me like the forms of departed friends. This I call the science of magnetic painting.

I believe that Mesmer is now acting upon the earth.

The mysteries of science are yet unfathomed.

Electricity, mesmerism, and magnetism, are combined in this new science, and will carry humanity onward and upward in its search after truth.

E. H. B.

March 3d, 1872.

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Spirit is causation.—"The spirit giveth life."—PAUL.

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## Objections to Spiritualism.

TEXT—I think myself happy, King Agrippa, because I shall answer for myself this day before thee touching all the things whereof I am accused of the Jews.—Acts 26; 2.

Paul, in his manly defence of truth, brought upon himself vile persecutions. In Athens he disputed in the synagogues, stirring up the hate of the Jews. On Mars Hill, encountering stoics and epicureans, he delivered that master-piece of thrilling eloquence recorded in the seventeenth chapter of the Acts. Never did this brave Apostle shun to declare the whole counsel of God. And this age, considering its political corruption and its religious intolerance, required Pauls, Luthers, Jeromes, and outspoken iconoclasts, filled with rebuke and rhapsody; required speakers with tongues of fire; speakers holy, enthusiastic and rapt as the truly inspired of all ages.

Peace, if possible, said the daring German bishop, but the "truth at all hazards." And yet every newly conceived truth in science, philosophy or religion, when first enunciated, was derided by bigots and rebuffed by self-opinionated conservatives in church and State. Truth, like saviors; were not only born in manglers, but forced to pass through the fiery baptisms of persecution and slander before becoming mighty moral powers in the world. The cross preceded the crown.

The Romish Church excommunicated the great Copernicus, hereby hastening his death, and then waited nearly three hundred years before revoking the curse of excommunication. The same church forced Galileo to deny that the earth "moved around the sun," when, from the light of science, he knew that it did. Protestants had persecuted Catholics, when having the power in Europe. There was little choice between them. Christian wars were the bloodiest on record. When Spurzheim landed in Puritan Boston, and commenced lecturing upon phrenology, the priesthood in a solid phalanx denounced the new science, declaring it led to infidelity and fatalism. When Mesmer, the distinguished European physician, announced the discovery of animal magnetism, he was charged with being in league with the devil. When Columbus, because of driftwood and curiously carved canoes floating ashore by western winds, expressed belief of a new world across the waste of waters, he was considered insane, and hissed from the courts of Europe. So, when Newton discovered the law of gravitation, Fulton the power of steam, Arkwright the balancing cog, Harvey the circulation of the blood, and when Gall and the Combs of Scotland advanced their new theories concerning the brain organs of the cranium, they were branded as "infidels," and bigots everywhere shouted, "Crucify them! crucify them!" So, when those sensitive sounds were heard denominated "Spiritual manifestations," that bridged the two worlds, sounds that had cheered the disconsolate, comforted the mourner, and demonstrated a future existence, sectarists raised the scoffing cry of "collusion," "delusion," "psychology," and the "devil." And yet, in defiance of all opposition, Spiritualism has marched through the land in rapid strides. It has already become a power in the world. Many believing it, however, were too cowardly to express their convictions and take a public stand in its defence. Multitudes of Americans needed spinal stiffening, needed to plant their feet more firmly upon the platform of principle, daring to think, to speak, to live their highest conception of truth.

It is to be remembered that Spiritual manifestations, in the form of apparitions, trances, dreams, premonitions, visions and prophecies flashed and flamed like golden sun-

beams all through the writings of antiquity. The Old and New Testaments were warmly aglow with Spiritualism. On the Mount of Transfiguration, Moses and Elias appeared to, and conversed with Jesus. The Apostles, besides their clairvoyant powers, healed the sick by the "laying on of hands." The early Church fathers, for several centuries, were blessed with spiritual gifts. So were many of those old martyrs. Savonarola, Tasso, Louis XVI., Baron Swedenborg, George Fox, the Quaker; Ann Lee, the Visionist; the Wesley family, the communities of Shakers and the seers of the past, all held converse with the so-called "dead." The mediums of to-day have the same, or similar gifts and marvellous experiences. Millions would testify to this fact.

It is often asked, by the objector, "What is the good of Spiritualism?" The inquiry is rather too utilitarian. The philosopher never thought of "use," financial or otherwise. But was it true that the heavens were open, with angels and spirits—aye, our dear friends—descending now as in the elder ages? This, to millions of Spiritualists, was not only belief, but actual knowledge. What the use? Why it demonstrated a future conscious existence beyond the grave. It gave hope for despair, trust for doubt, and knowledge for faith.

The Bible does not, says the objector, prove immortality. Some of the clergy admit this, quoting the texts, "The dead know not anything"—"they shall be as though they had not been"—"whose end is destruction"—"a man hath no pre-eminence above a beast, all go unto one place." Therefore the need of new revelations, of startling phenomena, and the quickening influences of such spiritual manifestations as might be witnessed in private parlors and many well-regulated seances.

But, says the objector, "the manifestations are frivolous, unworthy the employment of spirits." This depended upon the standpoint from which they were considered. To a proud Pharisee the birth of Jesus was low and "frivolous," because in a manger—the making of "spittle" to anoint the blind man's eyes was even more "frivolous" to those robed religionists. These manifestations were means to ends. The profound thinker knew that minute events were often fraught with infinite consequences. What employment could be more dignified for spirits or angels than practically answering the question of the ages—"if a man die shall he live again?" These manifestations proved to Professor Hare, of the Pennsylvania University, Robert Owen, the English philanthropist, DeMorgan, the London mathematician, Camille Flammarion, the French astronomer, and thousands of others, eminent in the sciences, the certainty of a conscious progressive existence beyond the tomb. All that we now know of the life immortal and the occupations characterizing that life, we have learned through spiritual manifestations past and present. Spiritual gifts were to follow believers. "Did Spiritualism lead to insanity?" I here reply most positively in the negative—adding possibly a misuse of the phenomena has for the time being, thrown some naturally unbalanced minds off from their equipage, if so, it was an abuse of the good. All truths are liable to perversion. I certainly have never known, however, a well marked case of an individual becoming insane through the beautiful teachings of Spiritualism. On the contrary, the report of "Lunatic Asylums" showed that a large per cent. of the lunatics were brought to this, through religious excitement, attendant upon "orthodox revivals." Dr. Brigham of Utica, N. Y., reported officially that one seventh of the insane put under his care had been brought to this dethronement of reason through religious excitement. The spiritual philosophy denying the dogmas of devils and endless hell torments—destroying the fear of death and the grave, would naturally make the sad cheerful, the insane sane, and scatter undying flowers along the thorniest pathway of life.

Does not Spiritualism tend to destroy the Bible? Principles were eternal; no truth ever perished. Spiritualism rightly understood was more constructive than destructive. Present spiritual manifestations strengthened faith in the healings, prophecies, trances, visions and other spiritual marvels recorded in the Scriptures. Biblical spiritual manifestations and those occurring in this age must stand or fall together. Every assertion against, or clerical sneer at Spiritualism was a pointed javelin hurled at the temple of Christianity, founded on Jesus and the Apostles. The Apostles were mediums. So were Boehmen, Fox, Swendenborg and Ann Lee.

"There are lying spirits." "Quite probable," we reply, when considering that there were so many lying and depraved men daily dying. When only truthful men passed to spirit life, only truthful spirits would return. Death was no savior. Each commenced the next state of existence precisely as he left this, mentally and spiritually. All should use their reason relative to the teachings of spirits. The Apostle John said: "Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits." And Jesus urged them to "judge for themselves what was right."

"It leads to free-love," says the objector. "God is love," teaches the orthodox, and the love principle in man is a divine soul emotion, pure, holy and free. God's love flows out freely to all humanity. The church hymn reads:

"Jesus' love; oh, how free; oh, how free;  
For he lived and died for me."

The angel's love, how free; paternal and fraternal love, how free; and a mother's love, oh, how free and outflowing toward the family group! "Stop; I didn't mean—*did n't mean*." No, I understand; you did not mean love, but "lust," as from the "abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." The spiritual philosophy repudiates the free-lust of the Patriarch

Abraham, culminating in the two wives, Sarah and Nagar; the free-lust of the "wise man" Solomon, with his "seven hundred wives," the free lust of the Oneida Communists, who headed their journal "*The Sovereignty of Jesus Christ*," and free lust everywhere, whether found in churches or among a few fanatical "Spiritists." Spiritualism teaches that the "pure in heart," the pure in thought, word and deed, see God; that obedience to divine law and purity of life are the only passports to heaven. These are some of the teachings of the millions who have flocked to the standard of Spiritualism:

1. Belief in God, the divine existence, wisdom and love.
2. Belief in Jesus as a "mediator," reformer and teacher of heavenly truths.
3. Belief in a present communion with spirits and angels.
4. Belief in the eternal progress of all souls, made practical to some degree on earth by right generation and education.

The harmonial philosophy is the great, growing religious thought of America. It is deeper, broader than any fact or creed. Being a whole, it included all the parts—all the branches of reform. It is self-reliant too, refusing to be weighed in others scales.

Finally, Spiritualism, ignoring old forms and traditions, its worship is aspiration; its prayers, good deeds; its incense, gentle words; its sacrament, the wine of holy principles; its baptisms, the sweet breathings of guardian angels; its mission, human redemption, and its temple, the universe.

## Our Sickness.

We had only recovered from our severe attack of sickness in Boston, so as to be able to ride home, by resting one night on the way, when the effort brought on a partial relapse, and we were confined to the bed again for days.

The attention, watching and anxiety of our darling wife, help-meet and help-mate, with the additional labor thrown upon her by our sickness, in getting out the two last issues of the paper, was more than she could endure.

Her sickness confining her to the bed for a few days past, and still there is the excuse we have to offer for the non-appearance of editorial matter we had expected to present this number, as well as some other matters claiming our attention, and which we hope to be able to consider next number.

On account of our sickness we have been obliged to date our paper ahead one issue, and hope that health will be ours, "dear wife" and I, sufficient to have our paper make its regular weekly visits hereafter.

A. A. W.

## Springfield, Mass.

Matters Spiritual are progressing finely in this enterprising city. Making a call of one night, recently, on our return from Boston, we enjoyed the hospitality of Bro. Harvey Lyman, whose pleasant home is an ever-welcome resting place for the worn and weary laborer in the cause of Spiritualism. Several of the leading Spiritualists called to see us, and although we considered ourselves an invalid, the business of building a hall by the Spiritualists of Springfield, was earnestly considered.

The Spiritualists here are in earnest and harmonious. If they continue so, and will unite their efforts, they can soon have a fine hall of their own far more easily than sectarians build their costly churches.

Prof. Wm. Denton was effectively dealing some of his sturdy blows. Large audiences listened to his lecture with pleasure and profit during February. The following able lecturers have been secured: Mrs. Laura Cuppy Smith, for March; Miss Lizzie Doten, for April; Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten, for May; Prof. Denton for June. With such able advocates our cause must advance.

## Brooklyn Institute

This platform was occupied on Sunday afternoon last by Mrs. M. S. Strong, of Ohio, her subject being, "Who are, and who are not Christians."

This lady speaks too rapidly, and for the most part, too loud, drowning at times the effect of her sentiments in their own echoes. Her discourse partook more of the character of an attack upon the Church, than in pointing out remedies for the evils fostered by it. She was listened to with much attention by a fair audience.

In the evening, Mrs. Emma J. Bullene occupied the platform, and drew out a good congregation, who listened for an hour to her definition of "The Soul's Creed," a subject of her own choosing, although many were submitted by the audience, all of which were, however, answered in the course of her remarks.

Her text was, "All scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness."—2. Timothy iii:—16.

The speaker claimed that the moral code of the Bible was as good as had ever been given to men; but denied that it contained all of divine revelation. She said that God was continually speaking to man through Nature, and urged that the voice of God was audible in the beauties of Nature, everywhere, which teaches that the "Soul's Creed" is as boundless as the universe, and as deep as the ocean of eternity.

In the bitterness of his heart, and with globes of salt liquid straggling down his long cheek, a religious editor sobs out the following touching conundrum: "What shall we do for the lost sheep of Israel? Let them alone, and they will come home, with their sinful tales behind them."—*California News Letter*.

### Once More We Appeal.

To our friends, and the readers of this Paper, once more we appeal.

FROM A SICK BED, PROSTRATED BY OVER-WORK, we write these words.—The publication of this Journal weekly, added so much to our already over-tasked energies that we have BROKEN DOWN under the pressure, yielding only, until compelled by a partial shock of paralysis of our strained nerves.

We have not strength yet to write much. Our greatest load has been a FINANCIAL BURDEN. We are not relieved of it yet. As we have before stated in these columns, publishing our paper weekly, DOUBLED OUR EXPENSES! We confidently hoped that would be met by such an increase of *new* subscribers and prompt renewal of old ones, that we should not regret the trial. Such has not been the case, and the BURDEN IS UPON US STILL.

OUR APPEAL THEREFORE IS FOR HELP, and in a way that our friends CAN ASSIST US without much discommoding themselves. Seeing that we have broken down physically, with the attempt to carry this burden, will not our friends heed and respond to the appeal we now make?

1st. We appeal to THOSE WHO OWE US! Will you not pay up back dues, and renew your subscription without another day's delay? All those who are thus owing will find the BLUE STAMP on the margin of their paper.

2d. We appeal to those generous, kind friends, who have aided us before, to NOW MAKE ONE MORE EFFORT in behalf of THEIR PAPER, and send us ONE NEW SUBSCRIBER EACH, AT ONCE.

3. We appeal to those who have the means and can, and there are HUNDREDS, if not THOUSANDS of such Spiritualists, to assist us, by sending ONE OR TWO YEARS' SUBSCRIPTION IN ADVANCE.

It is only advancing a little money to aid in building up a Spiritual paper. How can you better assist in advancing the cause?

A little effort from each one will thus lift our burden, and aid us to go forward without this crushing weight. DO WE APPEAL IN VAIN? We shall see. OUR APPEAL IS FROM A SICK BED AND ALL WE CAN DO. A. A. W.

### We Respond to Your "Appeal."

DEAR BRO. WHEELLOCK:—I send a donation from Bro. Smith and myself, of \$10, to help you in getting the SPIRITUALIST well started. It is not much, but if the Spiritualists of New York city and elsewhere would contribute five dollars each for this object, it would be in value a hundred fold repaid to them in the comfort and joyous revelations it would bring to them of the truth of our glorious philosophy, and relieve a worthy brother of a burden that he ought not to bear. What say you, brother Spiritualists, to this proposition? Will you follow suit?

Subscribers that are in arrears, will you now perform an act of justice and pay up, and lift the financial burden from your oppressed and sick brother, and do it without delay? In love and good will, GEO. WHITE.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 4, 1872.

### Anniversary.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum of Brooklyn celebrated its fifth anniversary on the 4th instant, in Brooklyn Institute, on Washington street, and though the weather was inclement the children of the Lyceum were all at their posts, and the seats of the institute were well high filled.

The entrance to the hall was festooned with the national colors, the walls profusely hung with bunting, and each gas jet adorned with one or more small American flags; the stage was tastefully arrayed in red, white, blue and gold. In the center of the stage, at the back, hung the banner of the Lyceum, surmounted by a beautiful photograph of the Lyceum in session.

A noticeable feature in the dressing of the stage, as well as in the *tout ensemble* of the decorations, was the entire absence of mottos, maxims and wise saws which generally greet the eye of visitors at similar places of entertainment.

The exercises of the evening consisted of vocal and instrumental music, declamations, comicalities and addresses, together with a fairy extravaganza entitled "Three Guesses," revised and arranged for the occasion by Mrs. Ada S. Cooley, the guardian of groups.

The entertainment, as a whole, was well arranged and passed off to the entire satisfaction of all concerned, many of the participants evincing a marked aptitude for the parts assigned them.

The most novel feature of the evening, and one not set down in the bills, was the declamation of Master Willie Clarke, which we give *verbatim*, as it fell from his little quivering lips, while with his left hand he supported the American flag.

I'm a little boy, as may be seen  
But three feet high, and not very green,  
Can sing a song and make a speech,  
Can learn the truths the Lyceums teach;  
And just as fast as e'er I can,  
I mean to grow to be a man,  
And after that I will prepare  
To fill the Presidential Chair;  
And now, as I have said my say,  
I'll make my bow and go away,  
For fear you'll think I am too bold  
For a little chap but three years old.

This effusion elicited the most rapturous and demonstrative applause, while the little forensic chief bowed his gracious recognition, and retired with a dignity befitting an older aspirant for presidential honors.

The conductor, Mr. J. A. Wilson, in his address rehearsed the history of the Lyceum from its inception, detailing its trials in the past, and expressing brilliant hopes for its future,

explaining to the audience in a clear, concise manner its objects, aims, and practical workings.

With such efficient workers as the conductor and guardian of this Lyceum, a like organization might be sustained in every ward of New York city, instead of the spiritual dearth that now pervades the child-realm of progressive thought.

### Goodness.

Human nature is good. We see it in every department—every condition of life.

A prisoner in "Sing Sing Prison" once sat in his cell on a summer's day, musing upon the past. A stray sunbeam came dancing into his cheerless abode. Lingered smilingly for a few moments, kissing the lips a mother had pressed, it departed. He seated himself and wept till tears refused to fall, then arose and wrote upon the cold gray walls of his iron cell these beautiful lines:

"The last golden beam of the sunlight has fled,  
It kissed my pale cheek in my dark, lonely cell,  
And I thought of my mother who sleeps with the dead,  
And brother and sisters and home where they dwell;  
I fell on my couch and wept bitter tears—  
(For a convict can weep o'er the bright scenes of youth.)  
And the loss of the loved ones of earlier years  
Was told in the still dying whispers of truth.

I thought of the hours when my heart was as pure  
As the tear drops that fell on the stones of my floor,  
And the bride of my youth, whose love none was truer,  
And her grief—and her death—oh! what could be more?  
I thought of all these, as the last golden beam  
Left my cell and the world on its mission forever,  
And I tried to believe it was a horrible dream  
From which I'd awoke—but ah! never, no, never!"

Tell us not of total depravity. It's an insult to the love and wisdom of the Infinite Father. This prisoner may have been innocent. He was *certainly* God's offspring—our brother—once a mother's cherub child, and with such an organization for an appreciation of the beautiful, mingled with tender sensibilities, the finger of kindness might have touched his heart in early years, and he been saved from prison life. Oh how the world needs true reformers—aching hearts sympathy, and *all* that charity which thinketh no evil. Men should be taken for what in their soul's depths they *are*—not what they seem. Forget the past, bury the ills of yesterday, accept mortals for what they are to-day, and the divine within that promises infinitely more to-morrow. Mrs. Bremer sweetly wrote;

"There is much goodness in the world, though at a superficial glance one is disposed to doubt it. What is bad is noised abroad, is echoed back from side to side, and newspapers and social circles find much to say about it; while what is *good* goes at best, like *sunshine*, quietly through the world."

### "Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly."

In the midst of a press which panders to mere popularity, it is remarkable as it is refreshing and righteous, to find one journal, like unto *Woodhull and Claflin's Weekly*, powerful in influence and extensive in circulation, consistently devoted to the advancing interests of humanity. There is no discounting its courage, its independence or its adherence to the fundamental principles which underlie all political, social and religious progress. As a public journal, it is distinctive, original and radical—*sui generis*.

The wondrous power of generalization and profound insight which characterize the writings of Mrs. Woodhull, are well complemented by the subtle discrimination, keen perception and analytical acumen of Col. Blood—which added to their valuable corps of independent contributors, gives the journal a position which commands the respectful favor of thousands of readers, despite their professions of opposition to its particular views.

Let everybody take the *Weekly* and thus enrich themselves by a variety of radical thought, argument and conclusion, to be found to an equal extent no where else.

### Why Such a Difference?

Mrs. Woodhull and Mrs. Brooker are sisters, and both are credited with being not only beautiful but talented women; one lectures at the Academy of Music in support of free love and turns away more people than gain admission to that vast edifice, the other lectures at the Cooper Institute, in opposition to free love, advocating the indissoluble bands of wedlock, and the hall is little better than empty. Why this difference, we wait for a reply.

### Particular Notice.

Whoever wishes to avail themselves of our unequalled club rates, by which they can obtain THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST, *Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly*, and the *Lyceum Banner*, all three papers for one year for \$3.25, must send us their names *immediately*, as the time expires April 1.

### Speakers' Register.

J. Hamlin Dewey, M. D., 200 Eliot street, Boston, Mass., answer calls to lecture before liberal societies upon Man and his Relations, Physical, Social and Spiritual.

The subject of Lizzie Doten's lecture before the Music Hall Society, in Boston, March 3d, to a most attentive audience was, "The possibilities of the human mind as illustrative in human progress." At this meeting a contribution was taken up in aid of free and open doors.

A BEAUTIFUL COMPLIMENT.—Charles Sprague, the poet-cashier of Boston, once returned a paid note of John Pierpont's with the following endorsement:

"Behold a wonder, seldom seen by men,  
Lines of no value, from John Pierpont's pen."

### From Washington.

THE SUMMER LAND.

Andrew Jackson Davis delivered a lecture in this city on Wednesday last upon the subject I have chosen as a caption for this article.

The audience was large, and Mr. Davis probably never appeared to greater advantage as a lecturer than on that occasion. He gave a brief history of his early experiences in clairvoyance; painted in gorgeous language the general outlines of the stiller universe so far as finite vision could discern, and closed with the assertion following:

There is a vast belt or zone skirting the milky way of substantial materiality, upon which spiritual beings have permanent habitations. This belt is not the spiritual world, for that is everywhere, but it is the natural home of spirits; the land to which they emigrate after leaving the earth body.

Mr. Davis asserts that he has seen this spirit country on many occasions, but affirms that a description of it is impossible. The scenery is so unlike that of earth that we have no words or imagery in mundane life adaptable to such description.

While listening to this lecture my mind ran over its early researches in myth and history for a parallel to the bold statements of the orator. I thought of Columbus returning from the discovery of a new hemisphere. I recalled the story of the Vikings and their half mythologic land of vines. I thought of Thomas Moore's Utopia, and finally of the old Egyptian and Greek Atlantis.

Strange as it may seem, I found in those last mentioned a singular confirmation of the reality of Mr. Davis' discovery. Greek history (always interspersed with myth) relates that Solon, the great law-giver of Athens, learned of the island of Atlantis by the priests of Egypt. They described it to him as a vast island lying beyond the pillars of Hercules, upon which men and women of remarkable stature and beauty had their homes. There seems to have been—in the fancy of some poets—two of these islands, one of which was called *Hesperides*, and the other the *Elysian Fields*, but all unite in giving to the locality the beauty and grandeur which even the revelator, John, failed to surpass in his description of the New Jerusalem. The legend given by Plato in his *Timæus* speaks of the ultimate degeneracy of the people of Atlantis and their defeat by the Athenians, but enough remained of the original Egyptian conception, even to his time, to clothe it with rare excellence and render it quite possible that the Egyptian priests, four thousand years ago, saw and described faintly what A. J. Davis sees to-day with tolerable distinctness.

Who shall say that the same Egyptian priests from whom Moses received his education, and perhaps the same that spoke to him of a land flowing with milk and honey, (which terms he unwisely interpreted to mean Palestine), might not have had actual glimpses of the summer land in seasons of clairvoyance? Of one thing I feel assured: if Mr. Davis has discovered such a country now, these old priests of Egypt, the very nestors of science, *might* have seen it feebly, and all the traditions of "Heaven," "Promised land," "Atlantis," "City of the sun," "New Atlantis," and "Utopia," may be founded upon actual fact. J. C. SMITH.

### To my Friends and Readers of the "American Spiritualist."

In order to preserve my life for a future work, my spirit guides have determined to withdraw the power, for a time, by which physical manifestations have been produced through my mediumship that my wearied and worn physical energies may have rest and needed recuperation.

I have labored honestly and faithfully for fifteen years, as a medium, giving my whole time and being, to the exhausting work of examining and healing diseases; and such physical manifestations, to convince human beings of a future existence, as the spirit power controlling and directing those manifestations have found possible, and deemed wise under existing circumstances to present.

Because these *physical* manifestations ARE NOT UNDERSTOOD, I have been misrepresented, slandered, villified, and *lied* about; and yet, I have an honest man's contempt, and the sincere pity of true charity for those who engage, as pretended philanthropists and truth-seekers in the dirty business of misrepresentation and the wholesale peddling of suspicion.

I have been advised by my spirit-guides, as well as by physicians in the body, to go abroad a few months for my health; but the sick will not be forgotten by these faithful spirit intelligences who have for so long a period successfully examined and treated the diseased and suffering through our organism; as our time, while resting from the exhaustive efforts for physical manifestations, will be mainly devoted to the sick.

I shall occupy some time also, while resting from physical manifestation, in writing up a history of my experiences as a MEDIUM, that Spiritualists, as well as others, may know the thorny paths Mediums have to tread, and the bitter draughts they are at times compelled to drink.

I hope to return to the city in full health, when physical manifestations will be renewed; my Spirit guides promise, with more positive demonstrations than ever before.

HENRY SLADE.

DARWINIAN DOCTRINE.—The ideas of Darwin are going into the pulpit. A clergyman in Chicago, on Sunday last, attempted to prove that pre-historic man was a brute, without reason or the higher senses. The same may be said of a great many men, as far down as the last half of the nineteenth century.—*The Telegram*.

## PERSONAL AND LOCAL.

Mrs. Abby N. Burnham's present address is No. 1, Clinton Place, Charlestown, Mass.

Mrs. Sarah A. Floyd spoke in John A. Andrew Hall, Boston, Sunday evening, March 3d.

O. L. Sutliff, from the West, is speaking in Albany, N. Y., this month. The people are delighted with his lectures.

Miss Lizzie Doten speaks in Music Hall, Boston March 3 and 10. An announcement of her name is sufficient to fill the hall.

Rev. John Weiss delivered an admirable discourse, profound and original, on "The Law of Marriage," before the Parker Fraternity of Boston, Sunday, March 3d.

Rev. Wm. Brunton lectured before the Plymouth Society, last Sunday, to a large and attentive audience. He remains there during March.

Dr. Samuel Grover, of 23 Dix Place, Boston, continues to be fully employed in his well-known capacity of a medical, healing and clairvoyant physician.

D. W. Hull. This earnest worker made us a brief call the other day on his way west. Daniel comes out of the "den of theological lions" with as little harm as did his namesake of old from the "den" of wild beasts.

Mrs. Anna M. Middlebrook, one of our oldest and most reliable lecturers, occupies the spiritual desk at Worcester, Mass., during the ensuing month. She will, doubtless, create a revival of interest in the heart of the old Commonwealth—an event much to be desired.

Mrs. Mary Gridley, of Boston, who on account of her health has been passing a year in Colorado, has returned to that city, and proposes to renew her sittings for the public. Mrs. Gridley is one of the most successful mediums for personal communications it has been our good pleasure to meet with.

J. Hamlin Dewey, M. D., of Boston, lectured to interested audiences in Plympton, Mass., February 25, and awoke a deep interest by his scientific treatment of the great questions of Man, his Relations, his Origin and Destiny. Dr. Dewey is an instructive speaker on all occasions, and societies would do well to employ him.

SCIENCE, PHILOSOPHY, AND POETRY OF FREE LOVE.—Irving Hall was filled on Friday evening, the 8th inst., to hear Mrs. Frances Rose McKinley upon the above subject. She said, among other good things, that love, like every other sense or emotion of the human soul or body in its normal condition, is free, and that it must so remain to secure the ultimate perfection of society.

## BRIEFS.

It is remarked of a Vermont town which experienced an earthquake a week or two ago, that "more than usual religious interest is now felt there."

The *Socialist Liberte*, of Brussels, in reference to the late executions at Versailles, remarks: "All the blood that flows under M. Thiers' flannel waistcoat will not make a purple mantle of it."

Count Moltke's autograph, preserved in the royal library of Munich, and dated Berlin, November 23, 1871, runs as follows: "Free only is the people which is strong enough to maintain its freedom. Strong it becomes through union."

A Massachusetts politician's opinion of the intermarriage of whites and negroes was that he didn't believe in it. Said he, "I think that every person ought to marry some one of his own sex."

CONVENTIONAL MORALITY.—Under this caption, the *Watchman and Reflector* has an earnest and timely editorial; it alludes to the frequency with which at the present time, crime is committed by persons who rank high in the confidence of the community, and inclines to the opinion that this arises neither from actual hypocrisy nor from the giving way of real virtue. Christian homes have something to do with it, having allowed children to grow to manhood with a goodness quite amiable, but very negative. The Sabbath-school, too, has taken the rigidity from its lessons, and lured the imagination rather than the heart with easy words, story books, picnics and prizes.

Pulpits are not free from blame, wherein the preacher utters smooth things rather than the words from God's mouth. The tendency of the age has something to do with it; its novel reading, its craving for sensationalism, its worship of success, wealth, rank, and its shame of honest labor. Under these circumstances the duty is threefold: first, to admit the facts squarely; second, to give more attention to the cultivation of the moral principle, the sense of right, of justice, of reverence for God and the supreme authority of His word; third, parents and pastors, schools and colleges, sacred and secular, should unite in this work. We must have trained consciences. We want men as stern in morals as the Spartans were in patriotism. Our Christian civilization ought not to culminate in a feeble negative goodness. We must have the stuff that heroes are made of.—*Boston Journal*.

## "The Impending Revolution."

VICTORIA C. WOODHULL AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The recent signal success of this apostle of Spiritualism, Female Suffrage and Social Freedom is another thunder-toned affirmation of the adage that revolutions never go backward; and doubly so in the case of this lady, who, less than two years since, was a stench to "respectable" nostrils—maligned by press and pulpit, derided and spit upon, to the extent that but few people could be found who dared accept tickets to her lectures, now the recipient of honors and attentions befitting the noblest of her sex, and finding no difficulty in filling the Academy of Music with all its vastness, to suffocation, at one dollar per head, while thousands failed to gain admission at any price, all eager to hear from her own lips the self-same sentiments that had so recently made the name of Woodhull odious, and paralyzed the nerves of the godly.

We ask: how has this sudden change in public opinion been accomplished? Have the wheels of human progress received a fresh impetus, or has simple curiosity only just awakened to inquire, "Why this commotion?"

We opine that neither is the case, but that the solid shot from the Woodhull battery has pierced the "whited sepulchres" of society, revealing the wholesale rottenness within, until the affrighted spectators stand aghast at the expose.

We rejoice that the mask has been torn from the brow of society by a master hand, and trust that for the noble, self-sacrificing act, that the hopes of Sister Woodhull, in her labors begun, may ultimate in fruition, and the future to her a millenium be.

## Mediums and Mediumship.

[From Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly.]

Just at present there is a tremendous howl going up from the secular and religious press against mediums, the edge and point of which have been sensibly sharpened by so-called recent exposures. It may be well to call to memory the fact that, Spiritualism proper has been exposed about a thousand times within the twenty-four years it has had existence; but in spite of all of which it still lives and flourishes as no other religion ever flourished. From the simple "Rochester knocking" it has grown into a vast reformatory movement, and its adherents are numbered by millions. This fact alone is the best possible refutation of the meaning generally attached to the so-called exposures.

We do not believe that mediums as a class are any better, nor much worse, than any other class of people. We have no doubt but there has been, in fact, that there still is, very much palmed off upon the unsuspecting which is sheer imposition, and perhaps it might require a considerable stretch of conscience for any professed medium to boldly declare that all manifestations ever offered were absolutely above and beyond their control. In fact the very essence of mediumship forbids that such absolute separation of subject and object should always be maintained.

The laws of mediumship are very little understood, even by mediums themselves. But everybody is aware that they in no measure depends upon the intellectual or moral condition of the subject, but wholly upon a peculiarity of magnetic conditions, which in turn are dependent upon the physical condition of the body, from which the magnetism emanates. Everybody cannot become a medium; but, we presume it is fair to affirm that no person ever made pretention to public mediumship, who was not in some sense susceptible to spirit influence, the desire to extend which has in many instances, led to the manufacture of manifestations.

We say everybody can not be mediums. We mean mediums for the various kinds of tests, whose production depends upon physical conditions. But we believe everybody is susceptible to spirit influence in mental or intellectual form; that is to say, that there is no brain or nervous system existing, so impervious to influence as to be perfectly positive to all approach of spirits. In fact, we have good reasons to believe that many persons, who scout the idea of spirit influence, are continually under their guidance.

We did not, however, intend to touch at length upon their phase of control, but to offer some remarks upon those phases resulting in physical manifestations, from which the present agitation has resulted; having special reference to the cases of Gordon and Slade of this city.

It is too late in the age to assert that external influence of some kind is not present in the so-called manifestations; or that there are no instances in which mediums have been influenced to the performance of things entirely dependent upon a power outside of themselves. Admit these points, and the entire ground for charging deception is yielded; since, if a person can be influenced to perform a single action, independent of his own will, the possibility of every act, ever attributed by him to an external influence, independent of that will as having been thus performed, is also admitted. We know that a charge of intention, on the part of the medium to deceive, unless admitted, cannot be successfully maintained against any medium. We even know of some cases where mediums have been detected performing things they attributed to spirits, in which they were really under the control of spirits, and entranced at the time, and wholly unconscious of any attempt at deception.

All these things should caution us to be careful in our charges of attempts to deceive; and to accept the little, if it be such, that cannot be attributed to deception, as evidence of spirit influence, instead of rejecting the whole, because of the appearance of fraud. In other words, a whole regiment of impostors, and a whole list of impositions, should not weigh

down one single, indisputable fact. But we would not have it understood, we desire to shield anybody, when there clearly has been a premeditated preparation to practice deception, as seems to have been the case with Gordon's "materializations." If, as it was testified, he, of his own accord, obtained faces, and through a process of incantation, palmed them off as spirit faces, then there is no possibility for mitigating his responsibility for a bare-faced fraud. Even then it is hard to account why a person having mediumistic powers, as Gordon undoubtedly has, should resort to such impositions, with almost the certainty of ultimate detection staring him in the face. We never visited Gordon but once, and then were not satisfied that the "materialization" was genuine. But of Slade we can speak differently. The manifestations which we saw there, are not explained by the pretended exposure in the *Sun*. In one instance a ball resembling a child's head, gathered in the air before our eyes, being made up of electric sparks coming from various directions. This, however, was dispersed before the formation was complete, filling the room with sparks of electricity. A full materialization was promised at another sitting. Of this promise we availed ourselves, and we are satisfied that it was redeemed; and in this wise:

In the year 1864, a niece having died elsewhere, was brought to our house for burial. The coffin was opened after it came, and a wreath of white roses placed about her head. In the sitting referred to, this spirit appeared, and I recognized the face as that of our niece; it also gave me her name, "Anna," with sufficient distinctness to be audible. Almost immediately it disappeared, but in a moment afterward reappeared with a wreath of roses on her head which so far as our memory serves us, closely resembled the one placed upon her in the coffin.

Now, if we admit that the first appearance was possibly a deception by a face provided for the occasion by the medium, which so greatly resembled a relative as to be recognized, how can the presence of a wreath of roses upon the same face and no movement in the room by which to place it here, be accounted for; and whence came the audible utterance of the name, of which we know the medium was in utter ignorance?

Beside, in the case of Mr. Slade, the other kinds of manifestations are sufficiently convincing to preclude the necessity of his resorting to imposition regarding "materialization." He who can produce intelligibly written communications upon the closed surface of a double slate with which he has no contact whatever, and upon a subject which neither the medium nor the inquirer is acquainted, but which afterward proves to be of great importance, need not resort to questionable sorts of manifestations, to prove the fact of the existence of spirits and their power to communicate.

The general inquiry about materialization, and the undoubted effort being made by spirits to re-appear, however, is only the prophecy of what shall be, since within the present century we shall see and know spirits as we are seen and known by them. The old doctrine of the resurrection was no idle fancy but a thing which is about to be realized. And yet people do not apprehend the approach of "The Impending Revolution," the first faint evidences of which are found in the Moravia manifestations and the materializations through the mediumship of Dr. Slade.

## English "Christian Spiritualism."

Mr. John Jones, of Enmore Park, London, writes to the editor of the *Medium and Daybreak*, of Andrew Jackson Davis and myself, in this style:

SIR: Of Andrew Jackson Davis' works I have not a high opinion. I have for many years ceased to read them, because I found they were verbose; a bushel of high-flown words to a grain of wheat. Book-making is easy to A. J. D.

I make this statement because you, in copying into the *Medium* a portion of my article on "Soul and Spirit," from the *Norwood News*, referred to the new idea of the sun being the parent of all the planets in our solar system, including our earth, and slimed it with the inference that I had taken it from A. J. D. I desire, therefore, to say that the idea arose some years ago from looking at certain structural indications shown in the photograph of the moon; that a perception of other laws in nature came from handling and experimenting with solid substances before A. J. D. was out of his teens, and therefore before the common-place thoughts draped in American superlatives were printed; and so valuable have the perceptions and experiments been, that to my knowledge, a "non-credulist" writer copied one portion of an article of mine out entire, sent it to a philosophic journal with his name attached, not mine, and lecturers have freely used the knowledge on the platform without giving credit to whom credit is due. So much in self-defence.

And now for another American superlative, Mr. Peebles. Some of your readers may remember the abuse showered on me by that "non-credulist"—that "mild and lamb-like spirit" as he called himself—because I showed by statistics that his bold assertion that there were eleven million non-credulist Spiritualists in America was "supernal" nonsense—that knocking off four million was not too much. What does the examination of Mr. Tebbis while in America prove? That the Spiritualists of America do not amount to one million; and if we take only the "non-credulists," they cannot reach the fourth of a million, including women, children, and the babies. Thus, on a fact traceable, we have barely one part true, and forty-three parts untrue; and yet with such a myth-maker, Christians, with all we know, are to give ourselves, body, soul, and spirit, to such ballooners, under the penalty of language being weekly used towards us such as is ordinarily only used toward city Arabs by the rough-mouthed votaries of language.

Pardon me this once stepping out of my place of silence through the pages of the *DAYBREAK*, the grey chill light from which, not being equal to moon, does not show the gorgeous lines of Christian spirit-scenery, though possibly equal to the visual powers of those who for so many years were in the dense darkness of Secularism. I am yours truly, JOHN JONES.

Exceedingly slender is our soul-fellowship with waspish ambitious men who seem to tack a narrow sectarian Christianity to the shining vesture of Spiritualism. That they find temporary relief in throwing of theological bile now and then, is a comfortable reflection.

Since repeating before a London assemblage, Judge Edmund's well-matured estimate—"11,000,000 of Spiritualists in America," Mr. Jones has sought every possible opportunity of indirectly insulting the Judge, putting us in a false position, and slurring American Spiritualists. The Wilkinsons, Hewitts, Youngs and others, classed as "Christian Spiritualists," pursue a very different course towards those with whom they honestly differ. They are gentlemen! "Sentences symbolize moral status" says Carlyle; therefore, Mr. Jones reveals his tastes and tendencies in these words—"slimed," "verbose," "American superlatives," "high-flown words" "babies," "balloons," "city arabs," etc., etc. This style, poison with self-conceit, and malice puts him entirely without the pale of a formal reply. Really his descension is too great for our condescension. Calm and self-poised, and feeling towards him much as a patient teacher would towards a fractious self-willed pupil, we exhort him to seek the religion of Jesus Christ, and practically utilize a little more of that charity mentioned in the thirteenth of Corinthians.

### Conferences of Speakers and Spiritualists.

Troy, February 25, 1872.

At a regular meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Progressive Spiritualist Society, of Troy, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

*Resolved*, That we extend a cordial invitation to our brothers and sisters of the Shaker communities, residing in Lebanon, Niskana, and other localities to join us in holding a two day's conference in Troy, to the end that the ties of sympathy and love, may be strengthened and extended between us, and the truth made manifest.

BENJAMIN STARBUCK, Pres.  
B. G. BARTO, Sec.

It is noted that the Democratic party is very quiet, but that it is watching Republican quarrels with interest. 'Tis the silent sow that is sucking the Schurz-Summer swill.—*Traveller*.

THE PRESIDENCY.—Judge Davis, the Nominee of the Labor Party, accepts, thus: "The Presidency should not be sought, nor declined by an American citizen." We think it would have been better for the country if a member had declined, and we think it would be well if Mr. Davis would take the hint and decline, as he cannot be elected. And we think further that the Labor Party is entirely too narrow and selfish. The unions are not in favor of the rights of all producing classes, and seem to oppose monopoly, only that they may become monopolists. They are not up to the spirit of the age, in the matter of the rights of colored men, they are even behind the old parties.

### LITERARY NOTICES.

LOVE REDEEMED, or the SOCIAL QUESTION ANSWERED, by Prof. J. L. Bertholet.

This little poem just given the world is worthy a wide circulation, as it treats of the most vital subjects extant, striking the enemy in front and rear with blows and words of well directed force.

The style is original, bold and vigorous, while its character is somewhat aggressive, analytical, progressive and suggestive. John Polhemus, publisher.

THE PHYSICIAN, by A. O'Leary, M.D.

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The ladies' department is conducted by Mrs. H. B. O'Leary, M.D., from whose facile pen drops many valuable hints for their special consideration. Publication office, 75 Gold street, New York.

THE TO-MORROW OF DEATH, or the FUTURE LIFE ACCORDING TO SCIENCE, by Louis Figuier. Roberts & Co., Boston.

From advance sheets of this work, we have been enabled to survey the outline of positions taken, and the arguments advanced for their support, and as we follow the author through the rugged way of his devious windings, feel constrained to suggest the untenableness of many of his positions, and the absence of tact in the drawing of his parallels.

The object for which this work is presented to the public is not quite patent to the casual reader; the number of subjects presented, and the manner of handling them, leaves many doubts of the author's drift.

The style is novel, and of rather an attractive character, although somewhat rambling and incoherent; he mistakes dogmatism for hypothesis, and lacks logic in his conclusions.

This work, nevertheless, possesses that spice of variety which renders it a very readable book, seeming to be a compend of Natural History, Chemistry, Philosophy, Ethics, Aesthetics, Orthodoxy, Spiritualism and Speculation, with here and there a ray of light, that may perchance illumine the pathway of some benighted soul to a higher plane of thought and action.

### DIED.

At Sparta, on Friday morning, February 2d, 1872, at half past eight o'clock, Mr. Andrew Thayer, aged 66 years.

The subject of this notice was born in Chesterfield, Hampshire Co., Mass., October 9th, 1805. He moved to Conneaut, Ashtabula Co., Ohio, in 1829. From Ohio he moved to Wisconsin in 1856, and to Sparta in 1857, where he has since resided.

Though formerly a Christian, and for many years a member of the church, over twenty years ago his views upon religion underwent a radical change, since which time he has disclaimed all faith in Christianity, as a system of belief; and consequently discarded all claim or wish to be called by its name.

He was a staunch and undoubting Spiritualist, to the last; and the cause, in him, has lost one of its warmest visible friends.

The funeral oration was omitted until the services of one could be obtained whose views harmonized with his own.

Mr. Thayer was a robust man, and until a few years back, engaged constantly in out door labor. He was loved and revered by his family, and most highly esteemed by all the citizens of Sparta and a large circle of friends in the vicinity. The deceased was of a most peculiarly happy temperament, and ever enjoyed social life with zest.

His death was very sudden, he being but a few minutes previous engaged in his customary duties, and, to all appearances, perfectly well.—[Ed.]

The above notice clipped from a "Sparta," Wis., paper, was sent to us several days since, reaching us while prostrate upon a sick bed in Boston. In the condition we were in we could not write anything to accompany the above notice in last number, and as we were unwilling to publish the notice without some word of our own in reference to our dear departed friend and Bro., we delayed its appearance until now.

To the favorable testimony of the Press above, where he lived, we must add our own. The acquaintance of Bro. Thayer has been a satisfaction to us that often gave us joy to think of, though not often meeting him while in the form.

He was one of those genial, noble, truthful souls, whose friendship is a continual blessing, whether present in person or absent; and so long as memory shall treasure aught that is good, pure, and true, his name and life will live in the recollections of a host of friends.

We protest, however, against the use of the dismal, gloomy term, "Died!" Our Bro. has not "died." He still lives, and as Husband, Father, Brother, Friend, his influence will be felt, while his noble spirit, "freed from the confines of clay," will continue to labor in advancing the glorious cause of Spiritualism with the same untiring energy and devotion to the truth, which characterized his earthly existence.

As one who admired and loved this departed Bro., we would express our heartfelt sympathy to family and friends, while we would give to sorrow's cloud the "silver lining" of that bright and blessed certainty, which humanity may now realize, that we "Shall know each other" there, when we "meet beyond the river."

A. A. W.

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This lady pronounced a remarkable address last night at the Hall opposite the Academy of Music. Remarkable because of the extreme beauty of language and opulence of fancy, and interesting on account of its tender and grateful sentiment.—*The Daily American Flag, San Francisco.*

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#### WOMAN'S RIGHTS—NEW BOOKS.

We have received copies of two books which just now possess considerable interest for many people. They are entitled respectively, "Constitutional Equality, a Right of Women," by Tennie C. Clafin, and "The Origin, Functions and Principles of Government," by Victoria C. Woodhull. We have examined these books carefully, not only for the sake of the subjects treated of, but because of the discussion which has been called out in the past few weeks about these two remarkable women.

It would seem as though everything conspired at once to bring them and their views before the public. First, the *Tribune* paraded them as the champion free-lovers by way of attacking its old enemies, the woman suffrage women; then one branch of the suffragists attacked them, while the other wing as vehemently upheld them, and lastly they were brought bodily before the public in the recent trial. These conflicting elements of notoriety were enough to have made any one famous for the moment, and ought to make their books sell. The chief element of curiosity, however, was in the fact that they were denounced so bitterly by the *Tribune* as free-lovers, while they were, on the other hand, endorsed so enthusiastically by a lady so universally respected as Mrs. Stanton. Careful examination of their books fails to show anything so very startling in the doctrines put forth in them, however distasteful they may be to many. They advance many strong arguments for giving the women the right to vote, for a remodeling of the marriage laws, and, in fact, for the general renovating and making over of society. Some of these are new, and some not so new, but they are very well put, and will be found not uninteresting, even to those who are opposed to the doctrines advocated.—*Newark (N. J.) Register.*

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Of this my faith did sorely lack  
And tears would flow as I pressed his hand.

My Barney called for me in the night  
Joyfully saying with face all aglow,  
"I'm going to join the angels bright,  
Soon they are coming—I long to go."

We talked together, through all the night;  
Oh! sacred hours; but far too brief,  
And with the dawning of the light,  
My Barney's sufferings found relief.

He whispered, just before he left  
"That angels presence filled the room,"  
With him all's well—I was bereft—  
Keen sorrow filled my soul with gloom.

The months passed on—one morning fair  
When flowers were yielding rich perfume,  
I wandered to the church-yard, where  
His body laid—to hold commune

With my own thoughts, which dwelt on one  
Whose cherished love my heart held dear,  
Praying that he from Heaven might come  
And let me feel his presence near.

And now I sat—what peace and joy  
Filled my bruised heart with its load of care;  
My soul was filled, and no alloy  
Disturbed the visions vouchsafed there.

Dear Barney came, just as he said—  
I felt his presence from the skies,  
I saw his form, his message read  
And then returned him fond replies.

Oh! happy days—what tidings sweet  
He brings me from the other shore,  
And sometime we shall surely meet,  
Barney and I, to part no more.

GLOUCESTER, MASS., February 12, 1872.

## Spiritualistic.

An appreciative writer in one of our exchanges, writing of the distinguished Rev. Dr. C. A. Bartol, of Boston, the author of "Radical Problems," etc., genially and discriminately says:

"Richter was called Jean Paul the Only; and though Dr. Bartol is very little like Richter, he resembles him in resembling no one but himself. America has no writer whose tone and manner are more strictly his own, and none whose spirit is more engaging. Herodotus said that Ionia had the best climate in the world; for everywhere else there is some excess—too cold or too hot, too wet or too dry, but in Ionia the perfect medium. Now, every characteristic mind or genius has its own peculiar climate; and that of Dr. Bartol is one wherein it is a pleasure to live and draw breath. Spirituality, purity, gentleness, love, child-like simplicity, bless and sanctify him; but he is spirited as well as spiritual; in his gentleness there is a quick vivacity, and he sometimes exhibits a keen incisiveness as of whetted steel. His aim is not so much to solve as to suggest. He is no dogmatist, nor is he an expositor or judge. He finds open questions, and delights to leave them open questions still. Meantime he looks into them with the eyes of his inmost soul, discerns much, throws out a profusion of glancing and irradiating suggestions that open the questions farther instead of closing them, then retires to look elsewhere. He is constant in this tone of luminous half-inquiry, yet is no sceptic, not even in the good sense of the word. No man is more assured in heart, none more fixed in the temper of spirituality and the attitude of spiritual belief. Never for a moment will he surrender himself to the understanding alone; always he will see with the eyes of his soul, always will put his character into his perceiving. This, which is his high peculiar gift, makes also his limitation. Somewhat too much of the subjective, we say, at times. This man carries eternal summer in his eyes, and sees beds of violets in snow banks. His own climate is his world, and he can make no excursions out of it. A pleasant world it is, with no deserts, jungles, reeking bogs, foul, ravening creatures, and poles heaped with ice. As some will see only with the physical eye, so he with the spiritual only. Synthesis including antithesis were better, in our opinion, but he proceeds, with spiritual thesis only, to make it exclusive. Well, happy he who has a spiritual eye in these days. Happy he who knows that, if the world be one fact, the believing adoring heart of humanity is another—that if the former bears witness; after its fashion, so does the latter also bear witness, and with a superior voice. Man himself is a truth above any that the telescope opens to him, and of that truth his spiritual being is the casket. If Dr. Bartol stands for this fact somewhat exclusively, we rejoice that he goes into the balance against the opposite tendency now so prevalent. We do not always agree with him, but are gratified none the less for his warm and fructifying sunshine.

TRUTH IN SOCIAL RELATION.—Under this head comes the practice of making speech vary according to the person spoken to; of pretending to agree with the world when you do not; of not acting according to what is your deliberate and well advised opinion because some mischief may be made of it by persons whose judgment in the matter you do not respect; of maintaining a wrong course for the sake of consistency; of encouraging the show of intimacy with those whom you never can be intimate with; and many things of the same kind. These practices have elements of charity and prudence as well as fear and meanness in them. Let those parts which correspond to fear and meanness be put aside. Charity and prudence are not parasitical plants which require poles of falsehood to climb up upon, extremely difficult in the mixed things of this world to act truly and kindly too; but therein lies one of the trials of man, that his sincerity should have kindness in it, and his kindness truth.—*Exchange.*

## A Woman's Column.

Jenny Lind's daughter, fourteen years old, bids fair to rival her mother, both in the quantity and quality of her voice.

Miss Clara Gottschalk, a sister of the great pianist, has made her appearance in London, and been received with considerable favor by the musical critics.

Miss Alcott remarks, that in the West the air is full of woman. To which the *New York World* replies: "In the East it is just the reverse—the women are full of airs."

The Woman Suffrage Association of Webster, Mass., were recently treated, by Mrs. John Flint, at whose house they met, to a pie which was six feet and nine inches in circumference,

Mrs. Amelia Johnson, of Southbury, Conn., who killed her drunken and brutal husband on the 21st of January, has been discharged, the jury holding that she shot him in self-defence.

The first woman who voted in Wyoming was a lady of seventy, who did her duty on her way from the baker's, and went to the polls with a yeast pitcher in one hand and a ballot in the other.—*Exchange.*

The *Woman's Journal* says: "At the dedication of the Methodist Episcopal Grace Church, Worcester, one of the speakers, a leading member, said that the building would never have been erected had it not been for the perseverance of the women of the society. It also stated that of those who had failed to pay their subscription, the proportion of women was less than men."

Mr. Beecher says that women should preach if they are qualified to do so. So they should. It would be a capital thing to have some of the handsomest and cleverest women ordained, and would fill the churches every Sabbath. We remember hearing Harriet Livermore preach, almost half a century ago—and a capital sermon she gave us, one that was heard by one of the greatest congregations that ever assembled in the town where she then was, and not half of those who sought admission could obtain it. Women in the pulpit would fill the pews.—*Traveller.*

A few weeks ago, the School Board of Pottsville, Pa., published an advertisement for a teacher, "all applicants to be examined in addition to the common branches, in algebra, American literature, botany, geometry, constitution, trigonometry, surveying, geology, physiology, natural philosophy, chemistry, mineralogy, astronomy and rhetoric;" for all of which requirements the magnificent sum of \$35 per month was to be paid any female teacher who would pass a favorable examination. The result was there were no female applicants, and the board has increased the salary 100 per cent., and engaged the services of a man, without asking him to undergo any such examination.—*Investigator.*

The *Congregationalist* has a department headed, "What the Women are Doing," in which it commends women as conductors on railroads, approves of the election of Mrs. Dr. Williams, as city physician of Springfield; also a young lady for learning the jeweler's trade; another for reading Ward Beecher's sermons to a county congregation; and the reference of a case between a man and a woman by the Superior Court of Plymouth County, to a board of referees, consisting of one man, "of no account of course," it suggests, and four women. What are we coming to, when so sober-sided a journal puts such radical items into a square or two, and even makes a permanent department of the theme.—*Zion's Herald.*

The plea of insanity is taken by the courts of England for no more than it is worth. In a moment of extreme passion the Rev. Mr. Watson, a man of unquestionable ability; but of singular temperament, killed his wife. He was engaged in writing a book at the time, and at 2 o'clock in the morning his wife entered his room and requested him to go to bed. He was enraged at the interruption, and in one fatal moment accomplished the dreadful deed. It would not be difficult for an American lawyer to fix a very fine plea of insanity in behalf of Mr. Watson, particularly as his actions after the murder were nearly a voluntary confession of murder. He has been tried, however, convicted, and sentenced to be hanged.—*Woman's Journal.*

The State Senate of Massachusetts, all but unanimously, has passed a bill to permit divorce after the parties desiring it shall have lived apart for three years. This is a sensible move, and we hope the House of Representatives will concur, and so the bill become law. When the parties are both of one mind, and the interests of children born of their marriage have been rigidly cared for, there is neither sense nor justice in keeping them yoked together in what must be a union of hatred. An unfeeling man, who dislikes his wife, and who is careless of his children's welfare, will abandon his home, and leave his wife to take care of herself; and so there is a practical divorce effected, without any regard for the good of children, who are reduced to a state of practical orphanage. The law should look out for them, and it can do so by making the conditions of divorce different from what they are. It is much to be regretted that there should be even one divorce case in a century, but so long as some husbands and wives will quarrel, the law should step in, and protect from loss and bad treatment their own innocent offspring.—*Traveller.*

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